

# Sports Illustrated

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national championship*



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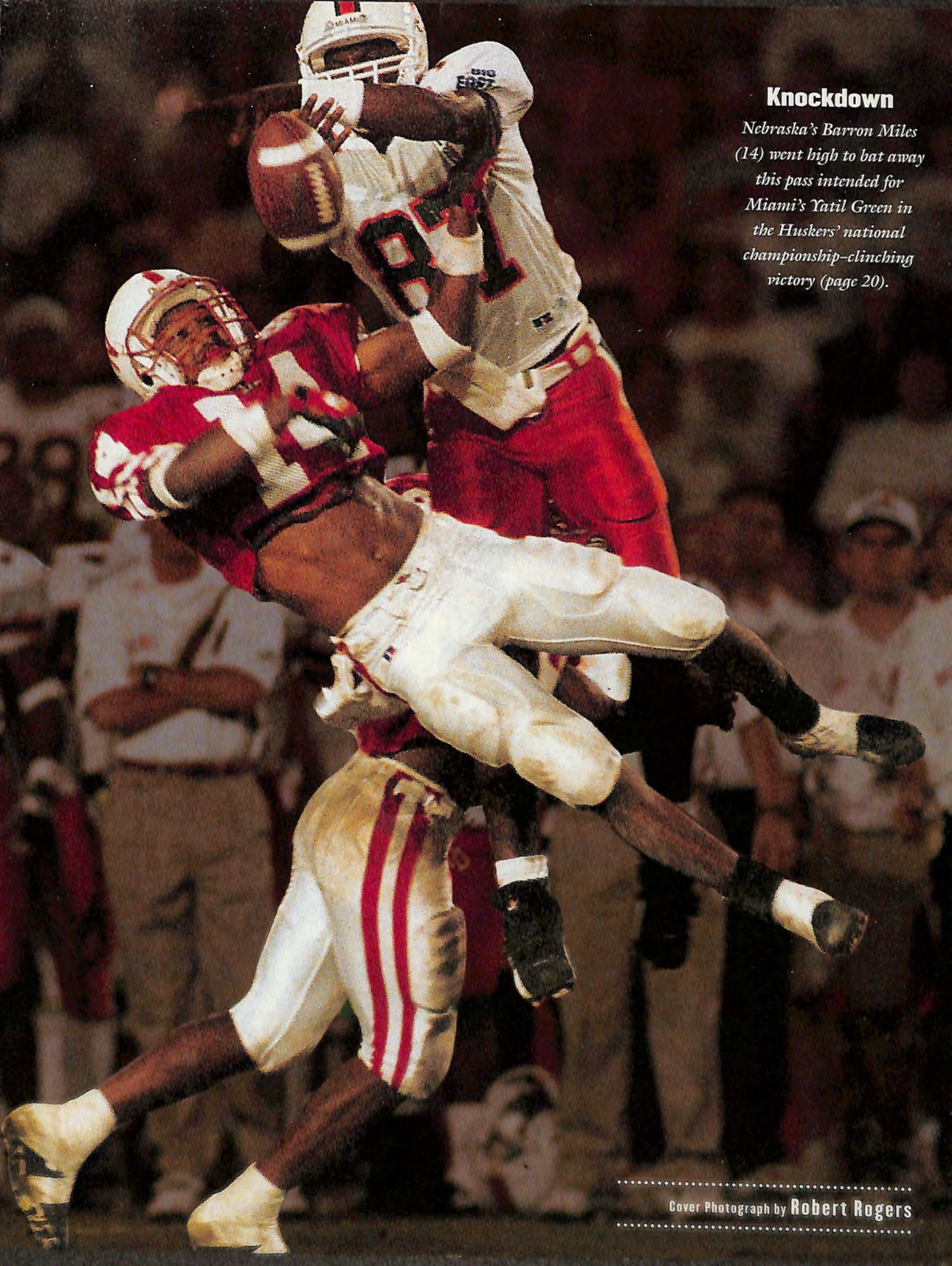
*Between the Nortons, even the strongest family bonds can be broken • by Leigh Montville*

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## Knockdown

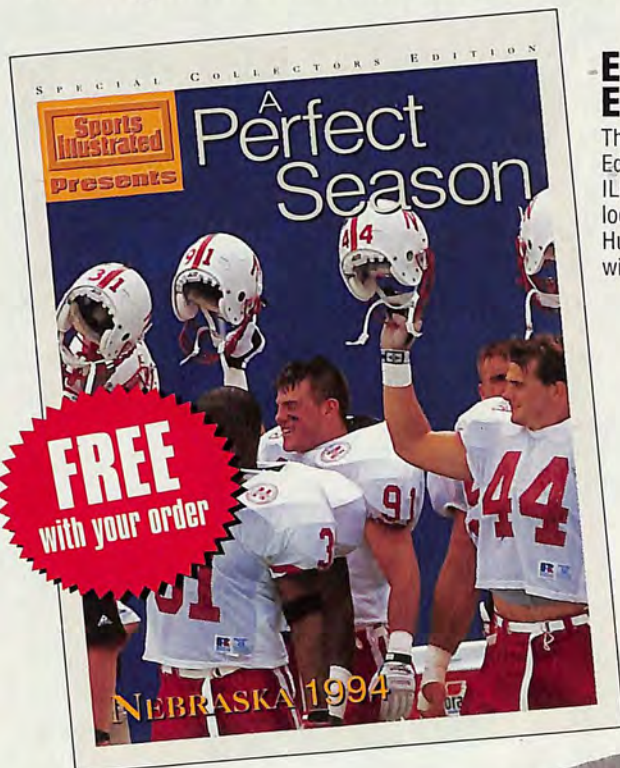
*Nebraska's Barron Miles (14) went high to bat away this pass intended for Miami's Yatil Green in the Huskers' national championship-clinching victory (page 20).*

.....  
Cover Photograph by **Robert Rogers**  
.....

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## TO OUR READERS

THERE'S A new name at the top of this issue's masthead: Norman Pearlstine has succeeded Jason McManus as editor-in-chief of Time Warner, with overall editorial responsibility for the largest magazine publisher in the United States. Pearlstine thus becomes the fifth editor-in-chief in our 72-year history, in a line that begins with Henry R. Luce.

McManus, 60, has retired after a 37-year career that began with an internship at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and a stint in TIME's London bureau while he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. After serving as Common Market bureau chief, he was a TIME senior editor in the 1960s and '70s, skillfully steering the magazine's coverage of two of the biggest stories of our era, Vietnam and Watergate. He became managing editor of TIME in 1985 and editor-in-chief of Time Inc. in 1987.

In the past seven years McManus has taken the magazines through a period of transformation as swift and sweeping as any in the company's history, and he has done it with grace and wisdom, with equanimity and common sense. The biggest challenge was Time Inc.'s acquisition in 1989 of Warner Communications to form Time Warner. McManus helped bring together the cultures of the two creative enterprises while preserving the editorial independence that has allowed our publications to enjoy the trust of 100 million readers worldwide.

McManus's tenure has seen the startup of several new magazines in the U.S., including ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FOR KIDS and IN STYLE—plus WHO, an offshoot of PEOPLE published in Australia. He has also spurred the magazines' entry into multimedia with a news-on-demand service, an on-line presence that began with TIME and will extend to SI's launch on CompuServe this month.

Pearlstine, 52, is the first editor-in-chief to be appointed from outside Time Inc. He brings a rich background that is both journalistic and entrepreneurial. During eight years as managing editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, he chronicled the successes and excesses of the '80s, his paper winning four Pulitzer Prizes in the process. In addition, he helped launch editions in Europe and Asia, as well as a new magazine, *SmartMoney*.

Pearlstine possesses all the strengths that will be required as he takes the baton from McManus—a mastery of reporting, writing and editing; a fundamental grasp of technology and its implications; and a proven commitment to editorial independence and excellence. Under his overall direction SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will aim to serve you better than ever.



**Passing the baton: McManus (left) hands off to Pearlstine in a line that began with Luce.**

*Donald M. Levin*  
 Chairman and CEO, Time Warner Inc.

**OLD SPICE**  
**ATHLETE**  
**OF THE**  
**MONTH**



SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

# LEADER<sup>OF</sup> THE **BAND**

BECAUSE OF HIS EAR FOR MUSIC, VINCE CARTER IS DRUM MAJOR of his high school marching band. Because of his eye for the basket, he is the Old Spice Athlete of the Month.

The nation's top college coaches have made a beeline to Mainland High in Daytona Beach, Fla., to watch the 6'6" Carter dazzle crowds with an array of acrobatic moves and flying jams. "He reminds me of Michael Jordan as a high school player," raves recruiting expert Bob Gibbons, who spotlights the nation's top prospects in his scouting report newsletters. "In some areas, particularly as an outside shooter, he's even better than Jordan was."

Carter, 18, averaged 25 points, 11 rebounds and two dunks a game last season as Mainland went 30-2 and advanced to the Florida Class 5A semifinals. "Vince can do everything for us," says coach Charlie Brinkerhoff. "He can play point guard, shooting guard, forward or center. He can slam-dunk. He can hit three-pointers. He's just an incredibly exciting player. He has tremendous flair."

In his first few games this season, Carter was so dominant that Brinkerhoff had to pull him off the floor at times to avoid embarrassing the opposition. "Vince could easily be averaging 35 or 40 points a game if we let him," the coach says.

Unlike many other coveted seniors, Carter passed up the NCAA's November signing period, delaying his college choice until April. The 3.0 student has narrowed his list to four: North Carolina, Duke, Florida and Florida State.

"I enjoy being the center of attention," says Carter, who has welcomed rival coaches Dean Smith and Mike Krzyzewski into his family's home (though not at the same time). "It's pretty cool to meet these guys one day, then see them on TV the next."

Last fall, Carter showcased his moves on the football field, strutting his stuff and waving his baton at halftime. An accomplished saxophone player, he quit tooting his own horn to be leader of the band. "It's fun, but it may be the hardest job in the school," he says. "You have to keep track of 175 people at once. Basketball is simple by comparison."

He only makes it look that way.

**WHEN CARTER AIRS  
IT OUT, HE'S A  
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THE COURT.**

The Old Spice Athlete of the Month Award recognizes outstanding amateurs in high school, college club, recreational and military programs. The November 6, 1995 issue will include a ballot to vote for the Old Spice Athlete of the Year, to be announced in the December 18, 1995 issue. Send your nominations to: Old Spice Athlete of the Month, P.O. Box 2660, New York, N.Y. 10185-2660.



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**Polaroid**

## Thurman Thomas has himself to blame for not being accorded the respect he thinks he deserves.

LOUIS F. RICH, MEADVILLE, PA.

### In Defense of Thomas

YOUR Dec. 5 SCORECARD section contained what I felt to be a one-sided depiction of Thurman Thomas. I believe your readers deserve to know more about this man with whom I have worked closely during the past seven years.

Thurman is not to be excused for any profane language or rudeness. He knows that, and he has apologized publicly for those actions. But I don't recall Thurman complaining that he wasn't drafted in the first round, although he was disappointed and surprised (so was I). And yes, he did miss the first play of Super Bowl XXVI because he misplaced his helmet. O.K., already! How about finally forgiving him? He put his helmet down for the playing of the national anthem, and a teammate inadvertently moved it. Thurman missed two plays. And you also mention that in two Super Bowls he gained unimpressive yardage, but make no acknowledgment of his numerous outstanding achievements.

Thurman is an intelligent, honest, hardworking, caring person. He has a heart as big as Texas, both competitively and in his relationships with family, friends and those who are deprived and unfortunate. No one prepares more thoroughly for a game or competes more intensely than he does. He plays with countless beaten body parts at a position where maximum physical punishment is incurred. Off the field he has given quietly, generously and unstintingly of his resources, his time and his energies to many charities and youth organizations.

It has been an honor for me to coach Thurman Thomas.

MARV LEVY  
Coach, Buffalo Bills  
Buffalo

The YMCA has been fortunate to know a positive side of Thurman Thomas during his years in Buffalo, and we would like to share this with your readers. When Thomas was a rookie with the Bills in 1988, he donated the \$5,000 he received as one of the top vote-getters for Old Spice's Rookie of the Year award to the YMCA of Greater Buffalo. We learned that he had practically grown up in a Houston YMCA and that he'd had the same desire to give something back to the YMCA when he was a student at Oklahoma State. He used to talk to inner-city kids about setting goals, achieving dreams and living lives guided



Levy (right) rushes to the defense of his star rusher.

by values and ideals. He has donated \$250,000 to his alma mater for a scholarship for needy students. When Thomas was honored as the 1991 Miller Lite NFL Player of the Year, he split the \$30,000 prize money evenly between the Greater Buffalo YMCA, the Special Olympics and the United Negro College Fund.

Like all of us, Thomas is not a perfect person. But in addition to being a superb athlete, he has seized the opportunities he has been given and has made Buffalo a better place for our families and children.

JOHN D. MURRAY  
President, YMCA of Greater Buffalo  
Buffalo

### The Shooter

In Jack McCallum's article on the resurgence of the Big East (*Bouncing Back*, Nov. 28), Boston College coach Jim O'Brien cracks wise about the shooting pointers that his prize freshman guard, Chris Herren, was given by journalist Bill Reynolds. If Herren doesn't shoot well, O'Brien quips, he will "blame the press." O'Brien should know that during the late '60s, Reynolds, known as the Shooter, was a 6' 3" guard at Brown who averaged 15.4 points per game during his senior year.

GREG DONALDSON, *New York City*

### Monk's Miracle

While I admit that I haven't attended an NFL game since I retired from the Green Bay Packers following the 1978 season after nine years as a linebacker in the league, I still like to read about the game. I was amazed by Peter King's comments about Art Monk's record of catching a pass in 178 consecutive games in which he played (*INSIDE THE NFL*, Dec. 12). "Big deal," King wrote. I have news for King: It is a big deal, a really big deal. I don't know Monk. I never played against him. But I know he is a great player who has accomplished a great feat. Just to play pro football for 15 years is amazing, but to play for 15 years and stay healthy enough to play in 178 games and catch a pass in every one of them is a miracle.

JIM CARTER, *Eau Claire, Wis.*

### Wrong Call?

If Louisiana State football coach Curley Hallman is half the man depicted in your article (*Last Call*, Dec. 5), then athletic director Joe Dean has made a serious mistake in getting rid of him. Hallman is the type of man every father would want his son to be coached by.

JOHN F. SPEAR, *Northfield, N.H.*

Letters to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and should be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393.

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## FACES IN THE CROWD

### Tiffany Roberts

CONCORD, CALIF.

### Tony Soto

DALLAS

Tiffany and Tony, a senior forward at Carondelet High and a senior midfielder at Duncanville High, respectively, were named as the two soccer finalists for the Dial Scholar-Athlete Award. Tiffany, a three-time high school All-America and 1994 California Player of the Year, has a 3.61 academic average. In her 3½ varsity seasons through last Friday she had 85 goals and 50 assists as the Cougars went 61-5-5. Tony, a two-time All-America and the 1994 Texas Player of the Year, has a 3.64 average. In two varsity seasons he had 20 goals and 24 assists, and he led the Panthers to a 20-2-3 record in '94. He was also captain of the U.S. under-20 men's team.



DALE SMITH

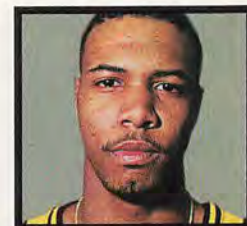


STEVE MCALISTER

### Ron Mercer

MADISON, TENN.

Ron, a 6' 7" senior forward at Oak Hill Academy in Mouth of Wilson, Va., scored 38 and 37 points in wins over Huguenot High and Green Valley High, respectively. A preseason selection for national Player of the Year, he was averaging 28.0 points, 6.5 rebounds and 5.0 assists through last Friday.



CHRISTINE NUCKER

### Kay Aberle

SELAH, WASH.

Aberle, 38, a sixth-grade teacher and the girls' volleyball coach at Selah High, guided the Vikings to a 5-15, 15-9, 15-13 defeat of Capital High to win the Class 2A state championship for the second consecutive year. Over the last two seasons Selah High has had a 62-1 record.

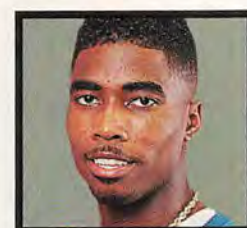


KIRK HIROTA

### Quincy Woods

RIGHTON PARK, ILL.

Quincy, a senior quarterback at Rich East High, was named Illinois Player of the Year after completing 134 of 267 passes for 2,204 yards and 22 touchdowns, and rushing for 450 yards and seven TDs this season. During his varsity career he threw for 4,599 yards and 42 TDs, and ran for 1,238 and 20.



GEOFF SCHERER

### Michelle LaFleur

MEMPHIS, N.Y.

LaFleur, a senior at SUNY-Cortland, earned her third national title when she won the women's NCAA Division III cross-country championship, covering the 5K in 17:47.2. She also finished first in the outdoor 3,000 meters (1991) and the indoor 1,500 (1994) at the Division III track meets.



TIM O'SHEA

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**Sports Illustrated**

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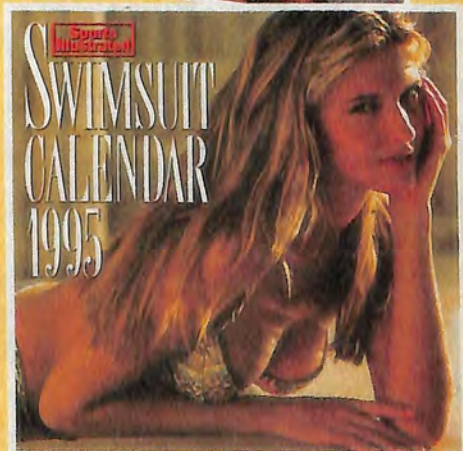
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# Scorecard

EDITED BY ALEXANDER WOLFF AND RICHARD O'BRIEN

## No Icemen Cometh. Who Careth?

*Over the holidays there were lots of developments in the strike afflicting the Summer Game (page 34), but the quintessential winter sport remained on ice—in the figurative sense—after almost 100 days. SI's E.M. Swift wonders if anyone in North America gives a fig:*

Where are the irate politicians bemoaning the economic hardships brought on by the NHL lockout? Why no teeth-gnashing on C-SPAN over the prospect of the Stanley Cup, the oldest trophy in professional sports, going unawarded? Where is the federal mediator riding into the fray on a white stallion of presidential praise? Correct us if we're mistaken, but isn't there an NHL team representing Washington, D.C.? Doesn't Ottawa, the capital of hockey-mad Canada, boast a club called the Senators? If NHL hockey really were the sport of the 1990s, as it was being billed just months ago, wouldn't someone—anyone—in the U.S. Congress or the Canadian Parliament have expressed outrage that the 1994-95 season has yet to begin?

The contrast to baseball is startling. In hope of breaking the impasse in that sport, President Clinton turned to Labor Secretary Robert Reich, who got the owners and players to agree to hire supermediator Bill Utery. Last week, as everyone from Jimmy Carter to Daniel Patrick Moynihan jockeyed to get involved, you would have thought the strike ranked as an issue with homelessness, Haiti and health reform. None of the interventions, real or threatened, has worked. But at least someone seems to care.

Not so, evidently, about hockey. So far Clinton, who has shown no interest in the sport beyond a phone call last spring to playoff MVP Brian Leetch of the New York Rangers, hasn't given the NHL's labor woes so much as a presidential sigh. Even in Canada, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has said little on the lockout. "Early on, a couple members of Parliament were making noises about holding hearings and getting involved in the negotiations," says one NHL official. "But that didn't last long. We're far from disappointed about that, by the way."

Unlike baseball, hockey doesn't enjoy a U.S. antitrust exemption, so it's harder

for politicians in Washington to bring legislative pressures to bear. Nor has the NHL's absence proved to be an emotional issue for anyone beyond the players and owners—and a few fans, mostly in western Canada. "Life goes on," says Washington Capital general manager David Poile. "In Canada the newspapers and television are covering a lot more junior and minor league hockey games. And in the States it's almost like there's a complete lack of interest. None. That should tell our players and owners that we're not in the same situation as baseball."

Would a mediator, whether from north or south of the border, help? Neither union head Bob Goodenow nor commissioner Gary Bettman believes so, even as the league informed the union last week that it had imposed a Jan. 16 "drop-dead" date to start the season. "We've failed to reach an agreement, but we haven't had a failure to communicate, that's for sure," says Goodenow. "As we've seen in baseball, a federal mediator can bring a lot of publicity to discussions. But he won't necessarily lead to a solution."

A solution to a problem about which, increasingly, nobody seems to care.

## Thanks for Sharing

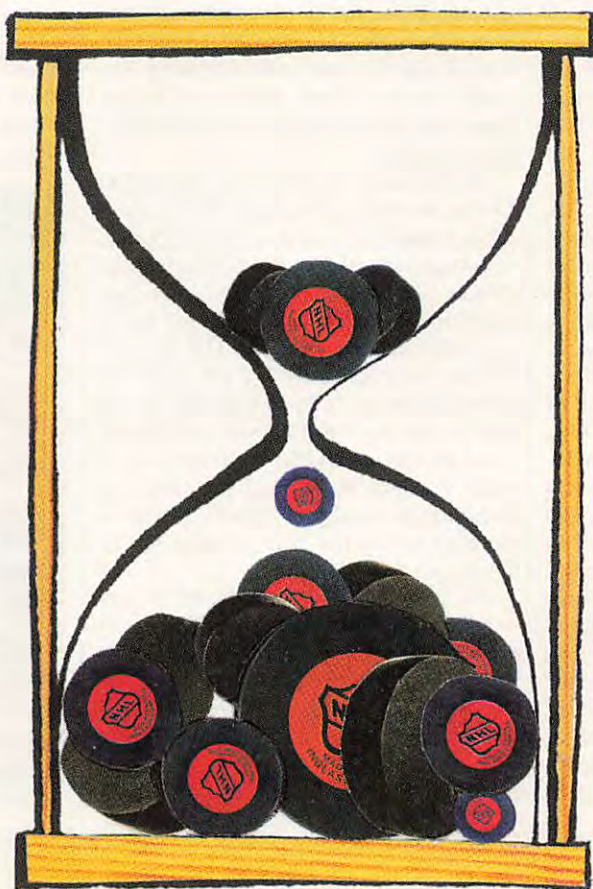
There must have been plenty of mistletoe hanging over the NFL in late December.

"Losing like this reminds me of my first kiss: *yuck!*" said Houston Oiler linebacker Micheal Barrow as his team's 2-14 season wound down. "We were so young we didn't know what we were doing, and we just slobbered all over each other."

Meanwhile Indianapolis Colt defensive tackle Tony Siragusa fairly drooled over Indy fans for their support during a 10-6 win against the Miami Dolphins. "They were definitely the 12th man. If I could, I would give everyone other than the ugly guys a kiss on the lips."

## Makes You Wanna

*Heave* magazine is not a journal devoted to regurgitation. It's the official publication of the International Hurling Society, an organization dedicated to the art, science and sport of throwing things. The current issue includes articles on topics ranging from the origins of the mounted crossbow to the use of armadillos for trapshooting. A





ADELAIDE ADVERTISER/AP

**Virtuoso soloist Autissier was plucked from her dismantled craft by a chopper on New Year's Day.**

feature on cow-tossing advises: "Due to a cow's asymmetrical shape, special considerations during hurling are necessary to avoid a cow spinning off range."

The society itself sprang half-formed from the minds of dentist John Quincy and engineer Richard Clifford, both of Fort Worth. Two years ago, inspired by the Holstein-slinging catapult in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, they began work on a 25-foot trebuchet, a medieval siege weapon. "The problem was, we couldn't find any plans for trebuchets," says Clifford. "They stopped making them around 1350." So they enlisted a team of engineers from the University of Texas. The resulting device can heave a bowling ball 250 yards down the firing range that doubles as Quincy's front yard.

Next year the IHS hopes to unveil what Clifford calls the Big One, the world's largest mechanical hurling machine. One hundred feet tall and anchored by a 10-ton counterweight, it should be powerful enough to propel a Buick more than 200 yards through the air. "I've purchased 80 acres of land adjacent to my property," says Quincy, "just so the Buick will have somewhere to land." He talks of charity events such as Hurling for Hospice, where, for a \$20 contribution, a donor could watch an item of choice—a dishwasher, a piano, a 1,000-pound block of Spam—chucked across the skies. "I figure the Big One will be able to throw a 180-

pound mime about a third of a mile," he says. "Of course, we'd never actually throw a mime. At least not a live one."

## Rescue at Sea

*In October, when French sailor Isabelle Autissier made landfall at Cape Town with a 5½-day lead after the first leg of the round-the-world BOC Challenge, race director Mark Schrader called her 1,200-mile advantage over her 17 rivals, all male, "incomprehensible." SI's Amy Nutt details the equally unfathomable events befalling Autissier between South Africa and Sydney during the second leg of yachting's most perilous solo race:*

On the night of Dec. 2, in the Indian Ocean six days out of Cape Town, gale-force winds and 12-foot seas were buffeting Autissier's 60-foot sloop, the *Ecoreuil Poitou Charentes 2*, when the boat suddenly rolled onto its side, snapping its 83-foot mast like a matchstick. The 38-year-old Autissier was forced to cut loose the heavy rigging and ripped sails that bound the broken mast to the boat and threatened to damage its hull. "Thirty knots of wind, sea dark, sky crying," she messaged despairingly to shore. "There is almost nothing left on the deck, nothing left of my dream."

Autissier was only half right. Still determined to be the first woman to win a major long-distance yacht race—she was dismantled in the BOC four years ago and finished seventh—the 5' 8", 130-pound former marine biologist jury-rigged a new mast from a 30-foot spinnaker boom and attached two tiny headsails. Within 24

hours she was under way again, heading toward the Kerguelén Islands, 1,100 miles downwind. After 10 more days at sea and three in the Kergueléns making repairs, Autissier reentered the race, informing BOC officials on Dec. 16, "I'm heading for Sydney as fast as I can."

A dozen days later BOC race officials received two satellite distress signals from Autissier's boat—but no word from her. Some 18 hours after that, on Thursday, an Australian military plane spotted Autissier, about 900 miles southeast of Adelaide, her boat dismantled again and being tossed by 40-foot waves. On New Year's Day she was picked up, ending a search-and-rescue operation characterized by a spokesman for the Australian Maritime Safety Authority as surpassingly difficult and ultimately very lucky: "Looking for her was like looking for a pin in the Grand Canyon." Autissier was weary but unharmed, her race finally over but her dream once again deferred.

## It's Up to You, Ryan

Having noted that Ryan Minor, a junior forward at Oklahoma who has also been drafted by the Baltimore Orioles, scored 31 points in an 86–84 loss to mighty Arkansas last week, we wanted to learn more about him. From a Sooner media guide we discovered that his hobbies are sleeping and watching TV, that his favorite movie is *Major League*, that before games he likes to watch MTV and that he considers "the attention" the best thing about being an athlete.

And what's the toughest thing? "Being stereotyped."

## This Week's Sign That the Apocalypse Is Upon Us

NASCAR plans to develop theme restaurants and new licensed products because, says an official of the stock car racing organization, "we're a sport, obviously, but we're also a lifestyle."

## They Said It

### Jim Moore

*Girls' basketball coach at the Catlin Gabel School in Portland, on his team's 115–4 victory over Columbia Christian: "It was a really big win for us. It was a morale booster."*



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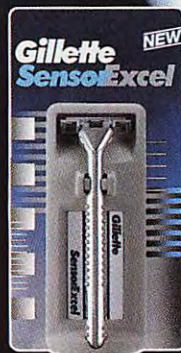
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# Ghost Busters

**If you're Tom Osborne looking to  
win your first national title, who  
you gonna call? Tommie Frazier**

**by S.L. Price**



AL THELMANS (2)

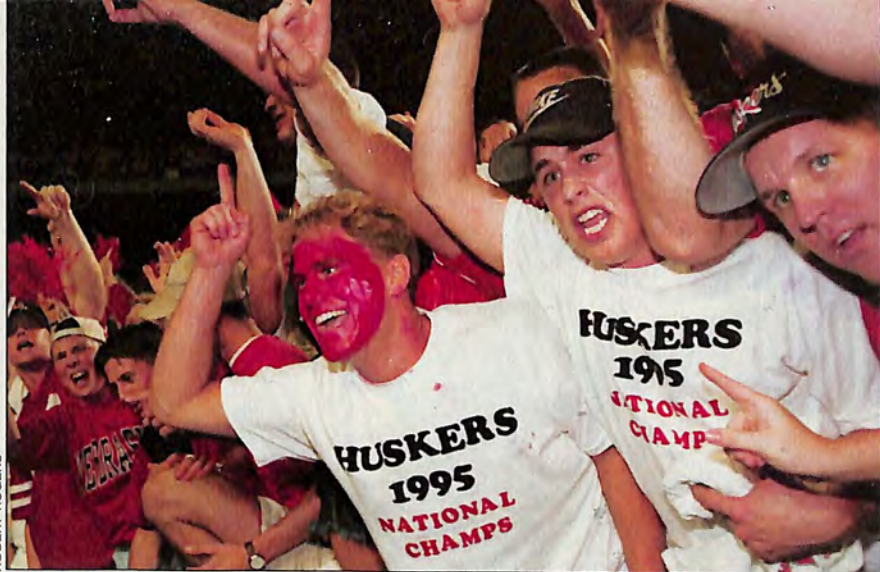
ALL THE ghosts were there. It was strange how they kept popping into view on New Year's night, so many reminders of how Nebraska's legacy of failure began. There was Turner Gill, a Cornhusker assistant coach now but looking very much as he did in 1984 when he threw Nebraska's final, futile pass in the Orange Bowl. There was Howard Schnellenberger, Miami's coach then, back at the game for the first time—and Bernie Kosar and Alonzo Highsmith were there too. So, of course, was Nebraska coach Tom Osborne, whose best chance for a national title evaporated 11 years ago when the two-point conversion toss from Gill failed. Thus the Hurricanes' dynasty began, and the Cornhuskers started their pitiful tendency to gag whenever they set foot in Miami's venerable snake pit. "Boy," said Highsmith, a former Hurricane running back, "that wasn't long ago." But what do ghosts know about time?

Osborne knows: Losing can stretch minutes into hours, make years feel like decades and make nights go on forever. How many times after a bad game did he roll over and punch the pillow as sleep eluded him? How many times—a thousand, two?—did an interview crawl as he spoke yet again about losing the big one? "You want to know if I suffer?" Osborne said last week, softly. "Yeah, I suffer."

Not anymore. Under a perfect Miami sky, against the once unbeatable Hurricanes, in a stadium where he'd lost his last five Orange Bowls, Osborne finally overtook history. Because in what will surely be the final championship at the Orange Bowl stadium, a most unlikely ghost of New Year's Past lifted Osborne to a perfect 13-0 record and his first national title. A year ago Nebraska quarterback Tommie Frazier outplayed Florida State's Charlie Ward in the Orange Bowl but fell short as Bobby Bowden won his first national title. This time the imperturbable Frazier, playing in his first game since a blood clot was found in his right leg on Sept. 25, piloted the Huskers to two fourth-quarter touchdowns and a sloppy, wonderful, frenetic 24-17 win.

Afterward Osborne was his usual vanilla self, taking the title, the cleansing win over Miami and a congratulatory call from President Clinton in stride. Those begging for a show of emotion got a smile, nothing more. Osborne said he was "gratified" to have his 22-year Nebraska career

**By air or land Frazier had Miami's number, and the fans had Nebraska's number.**



capped by a championship. "I'm pleased," he said, "but I'm not usually overwrought." But those who know him understood what this game meant. "You could see it in his eyes," said Nebraska guard Brenden Stai. "I've never seen brighter eyes in my life."

Frazier lit that fire. Even though he

shared time with backup Brook Berringer, there was little doubt whom Osborne trusted more with his team. "I want the ball in Tommie's hands," he kept repeating into his headset to Gill, now the Husker quarterbacks coach. Afterward Osborne said of Frazier, "He's a special athlete. He can create so many things.

You don't have to rely on structure. He'll make the play." Nothing said more about Frazier's impact than the moment when, with Nebraska behind 17-9 midway through the fourth quarter, he stepped into the huddle, looked every player in the eye and said, "We're getting it done. We're scoring now." Two plays later full-back Corey Schlesinger bulled 15 yards for a touchdown. Then, in a nice bit of exorcism, Frazier completed—in the same end zone in which Gill's pass had dropped to end the 31-30 loss to Miami in 1984—a two-point conversion pass to tie the game.

"I'm a very confident person," said Frazier. "Once we tied, I knew that would take it out of them. This is what I told a lot of people: When I come back, it's going to be the national championship game, and I'm going to lead my team to victory."

That may be the most astounding thing. Frazier, a junior from Bradenton, Fla., hadn't played in more than three months, had missed the final eight games of the regular season—and yet, except for one botched pass that Osborne should never





have called in the first place, he played as if he'd never been away. Frazier had been taken off blood-thinning medication five days before the Orange Bowl, and no one had a clue how he would perform. "If he can come in and beat our defense after being out nine weeks," Miami safety Malcolm Pearson said, "I'll be his biggest fan. I'll be his groupie."

Such was Osborne's faith in Frazier that Berringer was the only person who was surprised when Frazier was named the starter three days before the game. "He's very strong in his belief in what he can do," Gill said of Frazier. "Just his presence lifts everybody."

On Sunday night Frazier played just six series, threw three completions, no touchdowns and one interception. He rushed for only 31 yards. But Nebraska scored twice under his guidance. Not an eyebrow

was raised when he was named the game's most valuable player.

Frazier, of course, didn't work alone. This Nebraska team, after all, carried itself just fine without him for those eight games, as Berringer and sophomore I-back Lawrence Phillips and the best Cornhusker offensive line ever rolled unscathed through the Big Eight and manhandled No. 2 Colorado 24-7 on Oct. 29 in Lincoln. Nothing, not the two frightening occasions when Berringer's lung collapsed, not walk-on Matt Turman's starting at quarterback against Kansas State, not the idea of playing a Miami team that had won 62 out of its last 63 games at the Orange Bowl, seemed to ruffle Nebraska. Haunted by a championship they felt should have been won in last year's Orange Bowl, the Huskers dubbed this season Unfinished Business immediately af-

ter the loss last January to Florida State. During summer conditioning drills the scoreboard at Lincoln's Memorial Stadium constantly flashed "1:16"—the last time Nebraska scored against the Seminoles. "We looked at it every day to remind ourselves where we were and where we wanted to be," Stai said.

But the landscape of college football is littered with teams that have resolved to beat Miami in the Orange Bowl only to find themselves outworked, outrun, outplayed and simply intimidated by a collection of players who backed up every cocky utterance with supreme effort. The Hurricanes had won all three bowl games they had played against the lead-footed, option-happy Cornhuskers. "No team had more to prove in here than Nebraska," said Highsmith after the Miami loss.

The Hurricane dynasty that began

## Orange Bowl

when Gill's pass was batted away was built on speed, especially on defense, where high school safeties become linebackers and linebackers become defensive ends. So after Miami blew out the Cornhuskers 23-3 in the 1989 Orange Bowl, the Big Red coaching staff knew it had to forever forgo recruiting those earnest but slow in-state boys for the secondary. "But then we had to go out and get the personnel," says Nebraska defensive coordinator Charlie McBride, "which wasn't something that happened overnight."

Shortly after a 22-0 loss to Miami in the 1992 Orange Bowl, Osborne and his staff began landing quicker, more athletic types from California, Florida and Texas—the breeding grounds for Miami's success. "I grew up following Nebraska, and it wasn't clear to me why Miami and Florida State had so much success against Nebraska in the Orange Bowl," said Cornhusker senior linebacker Troy Dumas. "But when we played Miami my first year here, I knew why. I was just in awe of their speed. And I said to myself, We need some of that."

They got it. Nebraska's defense, led by All-America linebacker Ed Stewart, came into Sunday's game ranked fourth in the nation (Miami's was No. 1) and boasted a 4.7 average in the 40 to the Hurricanes' 4.64. Though unmasked as vulnerable to the big play, Nebraska's defensive line sliced through Miami's porous blocking,

**Schlesinger was double trouble, bursting for the tying (left) and winning TDs.**



BILL FRANKS



AL TIELEMANS



## Orange Bowl

causing havoc and one safety, sacking Miami quarterback Frank Costa five times and leaving his helmet covered with divots and dings.

In the most crucial stretch Nebraska forced four straight Miami punts in the fourth quarter. On Miami's fifth series Costa fired an interception with one minute left. "That's what we dreamed about all year," said senior outside linebacker Donta Jones. "We came out and proved to the whole world that we could stop a team like Miami in the fourth quarter."

The Hurricanes have now lost their last three bowl games, and if their mystique was battered in back-to-back postseason pastings (by Alabama in the 1993 Sugar Bowl, then Arizona in the Fiesta), it was shattered by Nebraska—the program mocked by Miami rooters as the anti-Hurricanes: too big and slow, too faint-hearted, too *Osborne-like* to win on the big stage. Yet this season it was Miami that lost twice at home, and if there was anything nearly as cherished as that 58-game win streak in the Orange Bowl that was broken by Washington this season, it was the 24-game *night* streak there that Nebraska snapped on New Year's. Most telling, perhaps, was the fact that in the fourth quarter, at home, the Hurricanes visibly sagged. "They had a lot of vacation," Jones said. "We didn't come here for vacation; we came for business."

Only Miami receiver Chris T. Jones and All-World defensive tackle Warren Sapp seemed like-minded. Even though Nebraska tinkered with its line—moving Stai, an All-America guard, for the first time all season to Sapp's side—Sapp still dominated, picking up two sacks and, just before halftime, pulling down Phillips from behind with one hand. Stai called him the best lineman he has ever tangled with. But Sapp predicted that Miami's defense would contain Nebraska, and as Miami knows better than anyone, the winner gets the final word. "If you ask me, he's overrated," said Dumas. "He's got that Miami attitude. They think they can just walk all over anybody that steps in here. They take people too lightly."

Maybe Miami coach Dennis Erickson sensed that too. Constant speculation over his interest in coaching in the NFL—and the Pell Grant and pay-for-play scandals now under in-house investigation

**One sack of Costa brought a safety (left), another a salute from Terry Connealy.**

JOHN BIEVER (2)

AL TELEMANS



by Miami—have worn Erickson's skin paper-thin. He spent bowl week sniping at reporters and then, red-faced and screaming, punctuated the loss by challenging a heckling fan to come down and fight when Sunday night's game was over. Defensive coordinator Greg McMackin followed suit and had to be pulled from the area. Not exactly a class exit, but maybe that's what happens when renegade programs hit the wall.

The contrast between coaches couldn't have been more stark. After the game Osborne walked around the stadium, thanking his players, thanking Orange Bowl officials (who this season had privately joked about his futility against Florida teams), saying goodbye to faces he wouldn't see again because with this game the Big Eight's affiliation with the Orange Bowl ended. Osborne had a clipboard under his arm and a bag lunch dangling from his hand. The biggest of his 219 wins was just over, and he looked like a guy who had stopped at the deli on his way to the train. "It feels awful good," he said. Then he tried again as the lights of the Orange Bowl went black all around him. "I feel great," Osborne said. "But I felt good last year. We played well last year, well enough to win. I don't get as hung up on the trophies as some people think."

Then he gave up. "I know everybody wants me to say, 'Gee, everything's different,'" he said. "But I feel about the same as after any game we won."

Still, he knew how close he had come to disaster. Of course, he was right to start and finish with Frazier, but Osborne made two atrocious calls that nearly cost Nebraska the game. The first came in the first quarter, when after 10 plays that established the Cornhusker running attack for the first time, Osborne called for a deep pass route. Frazier forced the pass into double coverage, Carlos Jones intercepted, and five plays later Costa fired the first of his two touchdown passes, to put Miami ahead 10-0. The second came in the first minute of the fourth quarter, when, with Nebraska trailing 17-9, Miami's ineptitude with deep snapping handed the Huskers their best field position of the night: first-and-goal at the four-yard line. But instead of relying on the best rushing attack in the nation, Osborne called for a pass. With all his options covered, Berringer tried to throw out of the end zone; instead, the ball went into the corner, where safety Earl Little made an astonishing, falling interception.

# A Cause Célèbre

ONE END ZONE was painted in the electric yellow and green of Oregon, the other in Penn State's deep blue. A giant rose straddled the 50-yard line on the floor of the Rose Bowl, opening its red petals to the clear Southern California sky. More than 102,000 spectators sat in the stadium, making noises that fans make, waving pom-poms that fans wave. All of this would seem to suggest that the Nittany Lions played the Ducks on Monday afternoon in the 81st Rose Bowl game, which resulted in Penn State's 12th victory of a splendid, perfect

season. In truth, the Lions spent the day as they had spent the previous two months: chasing demons. Chasing voters they would never see, a team they would never play and a current of public sentiment that they were powerless to change.

The Penn State players' faith that college football's national championship selection process would somehow prove just in the end was crushed in the Orange Bowl on Sunday night as the Nittany Lions sat helplessly in their rooms at the Hotel Inter-Continental in Los Angeles, watching Nebraska beat Miami to leave Penn State locked in at No. 2.

This is the way it had been since Halloween weekend, when the Lions trashed Ohio State

**After his 83-yard touchdown run, Carter (32) had Engram and the Nittany Lion fans jumping for joy.**



63-14 but dropped out of the No. 1 spot in the Associated Press poll that Penn State had claimed two weeks earlier with a victory over Michigan. Into the No. 1 spot went previously No. 3 Nebraska, a 24-7 winner over No. 2 Colorado that same weekend. On the Monday after that Ohio State game, linebacker Willie Smith walked through the Lion locker room, railing at the madness. "We dropped," Smith shouted. "Sixty-three to 14, and we dropped. What do they want us to do to these teams?"

Penn State stayed No. 1 in the *USA Today/CNN* poll, but that lasted only a week. On Nov. 5 in Bloomington, Ind., Penn State led 35-14 with 1:49 to play. Indiana subsequently scored twice against Penn State reserves, including a Hail Mary on the last play of the game. The final score was 35-29, and two days later the Lions fell to No. 2 in the coaches' poll, damned to chase Nebraska into January.

"That was ridiculous," Lion coach Joe Paterno said before the Rose Bowl. "That game was never in doubt. Never. We had a bunch of kids in at the end that hadn't even practiced."

Having failed to gain a direct route to the title, Penn State tried retreating into that most reliable of cocoons: *Focus on the game*. Play Oregon. Forget about Nebraska. But at times the temptation to slap at the Cornhuskers proved irresistible. Last Friday two of the Lions' five All-Americans, wideout Bobby Engram and tailback Ki-Jana Carter, loitered on the lawn outside their hotel. "They punished us for the Indiana game," Engram said of the pollsters. "Nebraska barely beat Iowa State [28-12]. Iowa State!"

Said Carter, "Nebraska had trouble with Oklahoma [13-3]. I watched Oklahoma last night [in a 31-6 Copper Bowl loss to Brigham Young]. Man, Oklahoma sucks."



**Evidence of the Penn State supporters' view of the polls blossomed in the stands.**

Even Paterno himself, who promised to avoid mudslinging and politicking, felt compelled to speak up. "I like to watch college football games," he said. "I watched Boston College beat Kansas State. I watched BYU beat Oklahoma . . . two teams [that Nebraska beat] that were supposedly tougher than anybody we played."

So on Monday afternoon, another perfect day for the esteemed but usually irrelevant Rose Bowl, Penn State beat Oregon 38-20. The Nittany Lions, perhaps deflated by Nebraska's victory and surely surprised by the Ducks' tenacity, were something less than spectacular. Still, nothing happened to diminish Penn State's claim to the title. "The least they could do is split it two ways," said Carter. "Nebraska is a great team. I know everybody feels sorry for Tom Osborne, but I've never won a national championship either."

What pained the Nittany Lions most about falling short was that they felt imbued with destiny. Penn State's fourth-year class included Carter (who is likely to forgo his final year of eligibility), Engram (who is thinking about doing the same), Smith, tailback Mike Archie and offensive linemen Marco Rivera, Jeff Hartings, Keith Conlin and Andre Johnson—all of whom came to Penn State with high expectations. "When we freshmen, we got together and said the one thing we want to do is go undefeated and win a national championship," said Archie. The plan was reiterated last January, in a players-only team meeting several days after the Lions' 31-13 upset of Tennessee in the Citrus Bowl. Quarterback Kerry Collins began the meeting by saying, "We're so close to something special. . . ."

That something special almost happened. So if an imperfect system won't call Penn State the champion, Paterno will do it himself. "If somebody else doesn't want to say we're national champions, we'll say it," he said. "I might put a sign up in the stadium—NATIONAL CHAMPIONS 1982-86-94. It's my word against somebody else's." —TIM LAYDEN





AL TELEMANS

**By the time they left the field, the Huskers had a leg up on their celebration.**

"We ran off that field pretty much saying 'Ball game,'" Sapp said.

Why not? This was the precise place and moment—in the fourth quarter, in the Orange Bowl—at which Miami had cemented its place as the supreme program of recent years. But these Hurricanes ran out of gas. Trying to determine which of his quarterbacks could move the ball most effectively, Osborne had replaced Frazier with Berringer in the first half at a time ordained before kickoff. But now he was operating purely by feel. Berringer, 7-0 as a starter, had already thrown one touchdown while Frazier had none. But *he's a special athlete*. Osborne yanked Berringer, and at that moment it looked like panic: Coach pulls his second quarterback of the night after passes that should never have been thrown.

Instead, Osborne won his championship Nebraska-style. Sapp sacked Frazier on his first snap back at the helm, but in Frazier's second series the offensive line began knocking the Hurricanes back. Frazier walked into the huddle with a first-and-10 on the Miami 40 and calmly told

everyone it was time to score. Phillips, whose 96 rushing yards were key to this win, opened with a 25-yard romp. Then Outland Trophy winner Zach Wiegert blasted open a hole large enough to accommodate a steamship, and Schlesinger stepped through for a 15-yard score.

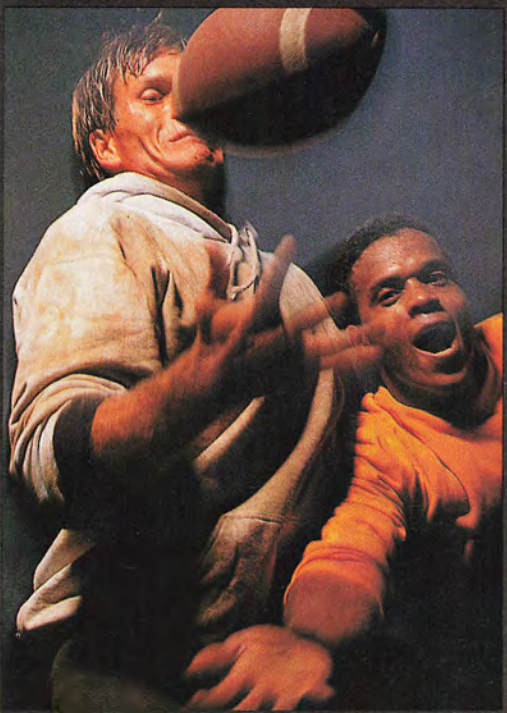
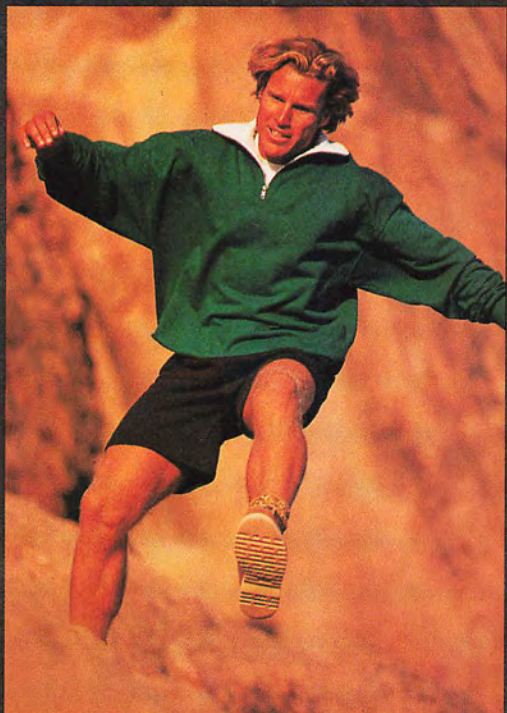
Osborne called for the two-point conversion—no flashback to 1984, he insisted. "Different situation," he said. Different ending, too. Frazier stepped back and nailed Eric Alford with a quick strike. Frazier engineered one more drive, for 58 yards, and Schlesinger rolled in for the final 14-yard score. Ball game, Nebraska.

Now he has it, Osborne does, a national title—what he calls "the whole banana." There was a moment, after Osborne had finally finished with the reporters, after he had finally met up with his wife, Nancy, and their son, Mike, and daughters Ann and Suzi and son-in-law Kevin and grandson Will. He began walking down the tunnel, and outside were hundreds of people wearing Big Red, bellowing. "The pressure coming into this game was how many people were going to be devastated if we didn't win it," Osborne had said earlier. "Everybody was saying, 'It's our turn,' but in athletics you don't take turns." Now he was walking out, but he had gone too far

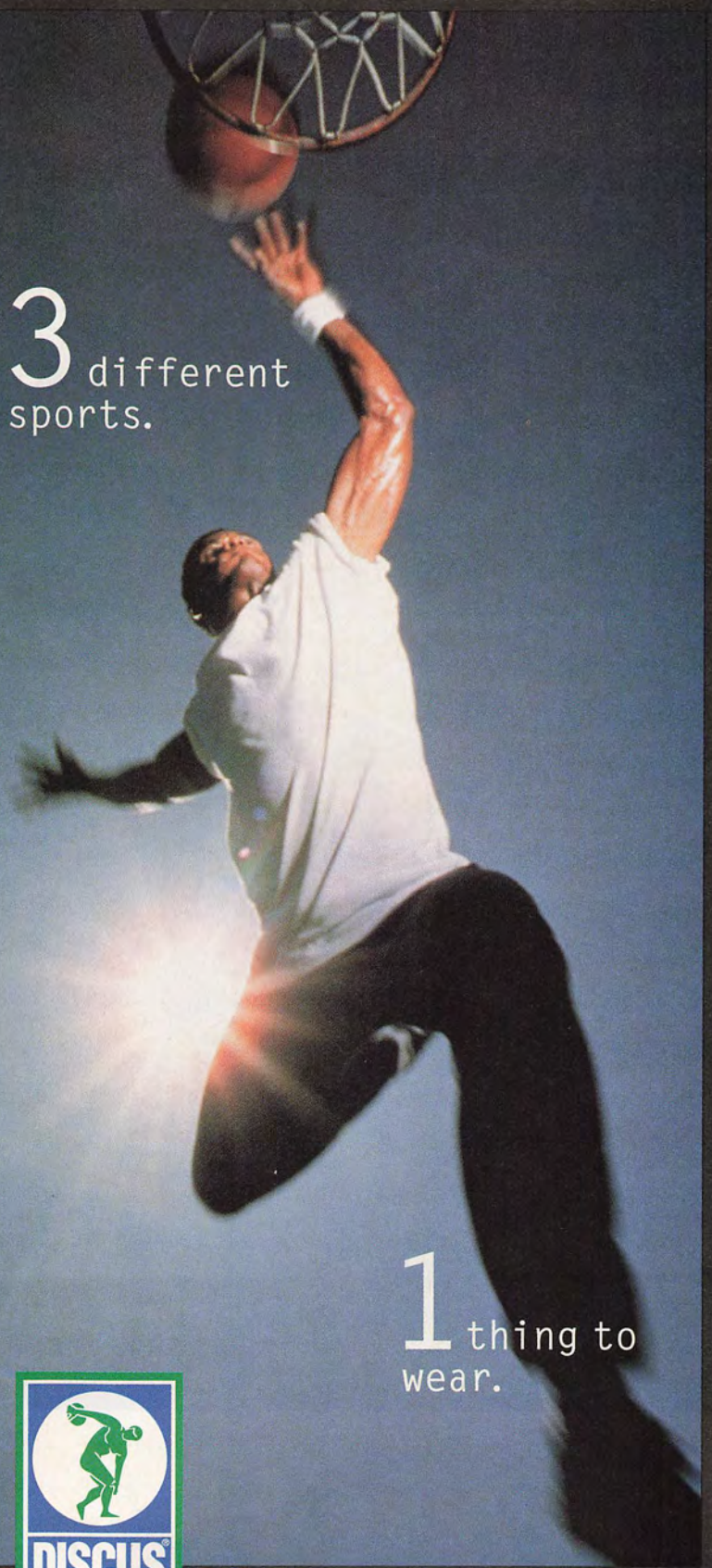
ahead. So when he heard the noise, he turned back, looking for support, but no one was there. For the first time all night Osborne had no idea what to do. He called out, then his family caught up. They walked into the night together.

"Nebraska! Tom! Hey, Tom!" the fans yelled, and Osborne grinned and waved and bore it all, lunch bag in hand. Then, blinking furiously, he stepped onto bus No. 5903, trying to get away from the crush. Wrong bus: no room. He stepped down, went to bus No. 5905, and as he stood in the doorway, a man screamed, "You're Number 1, Tom!" Osborne stared at him as if the man had accused him of a crime. Then he sat down behind the driver. It was 1:15 a.m. He pulled out his sandwich, unwrapped it and took a polite bite. The bus hummed. Frazier stepped aboard. Osborne's eyes flickered, but he didn't speak. Frazier passed by.

And looming there, through the windshield, it sat: The place where he'd been mocked. MIAMI ORANGE BOWL, blared the sign on the stadium, and it was painted green and orange, Hurricane colors. He glanced at it, in between chews, but it wasn't until the driver turned off the inside lights that Osborne could get a clear view. All the ghosts were gone.



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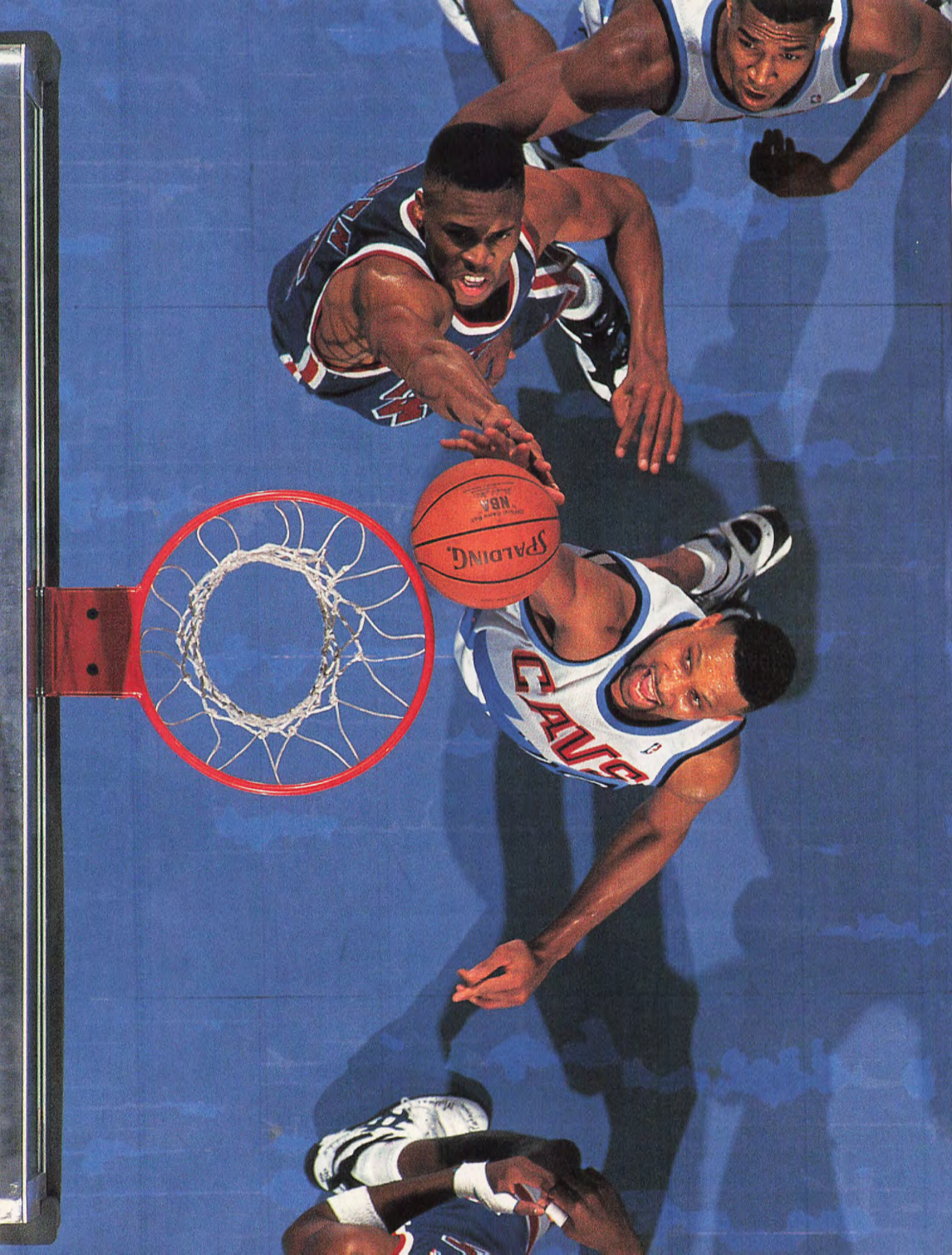
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# Slaying Them Slowly

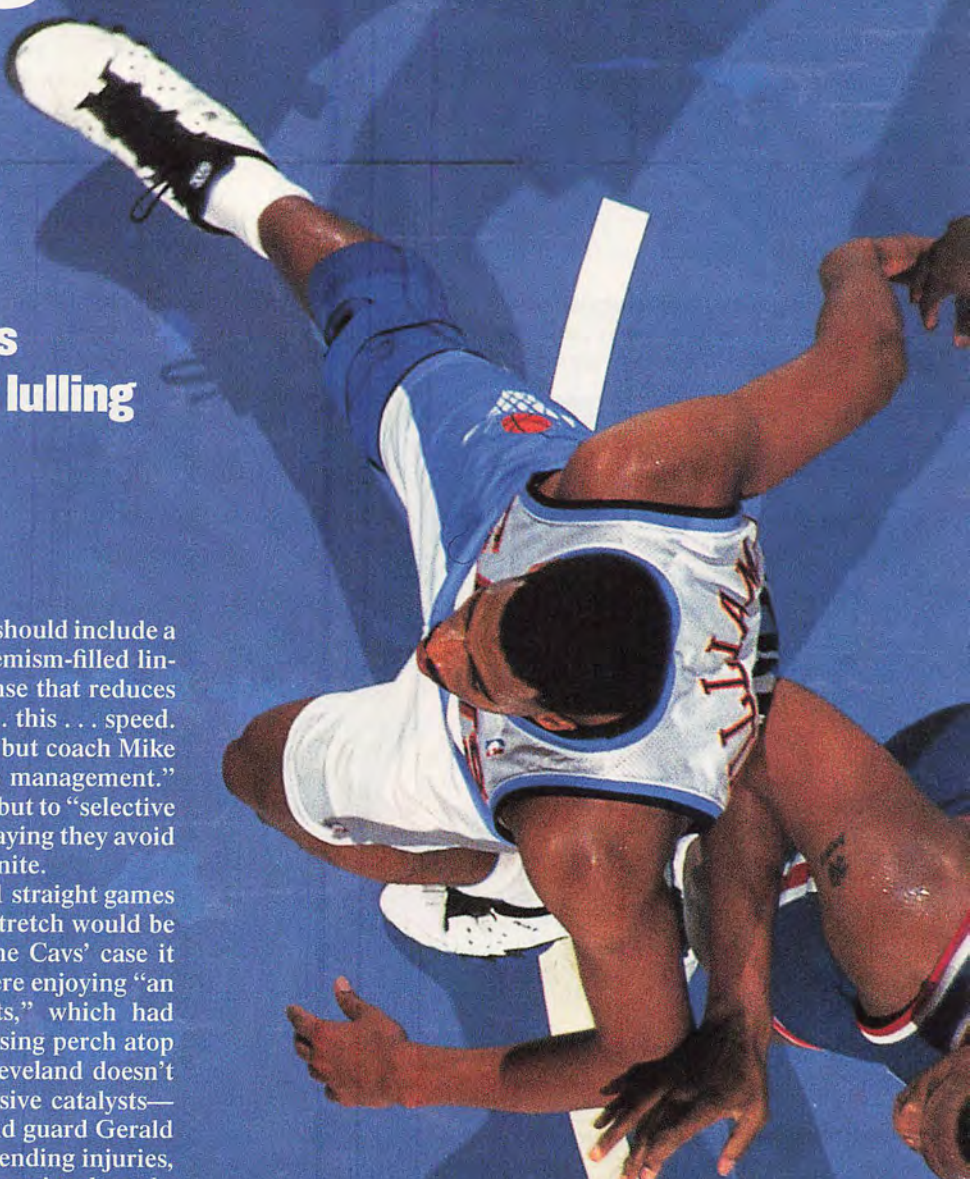
**Surprising Cleveland is winning cavalierly: by lulling opponents to sleep**

**by Phil Taylor**

ANY STUDY of the Cleveland Cavaliers should include a glossary for Cav-speak, the team's euphemism-filled lingo. The Cavaliers run a methodical offense that reduces the pace of their games to . . . roughly . . . this . . . speed. Some might call that a slow-down game, but coach Mike Fratello prefers to think of it as "tempo management." And the Cavaliers refer not to fast breaks but to "selective opportunities," which is another way of saying they avoid running the way Superman avoids kryptonite.

So if any team but the Cavs had won 11 straight games through Monday, as Cleveland had, the stretch would be described as a winning streak. But in the Cavs' case it might be more appropriate to say they were enjoying "an uninterrupted period of positive results," which had brought them a 20-8 record and a surprising perch atop the NBA's Central Division. Besides, Cleveland doesn't streak, it strolls. After losing their offensive catalysts—center Brad Daugherty (back surgery) and guard Gerald Wilkins (torn Achilles tendon) to season-ending injuries, forward Larry Nance to retirement—the previously rock-and-roll Cavs have discovered the wonders of the waltz. "When you want to run, they want to walk," says Atlanta Hawk point guard Mookie Blaylock. "And when you want to walk, they want to crawl."

It's not that the Cavaliers want to creep; it's just that, with their personnel losses, they don't see any other choice. "We may not really like it," says Bobby Phills, who has replaced Wilkins at shooting guard, "but it's hard to argue with wins." That attitude may have contributed more to the Cleveland success than any X's or O's. In a league in which it seems that almost every team has recently had at least one player publicly disgruntled with his coach's offensive philosophy, distribution of playing time or tone of voice, the Cavs have not only accepted



**Mills (with ball) gives the Nets a demonstration of Cleveland's new strength under the boards.**

## Cleveland Cavaliers

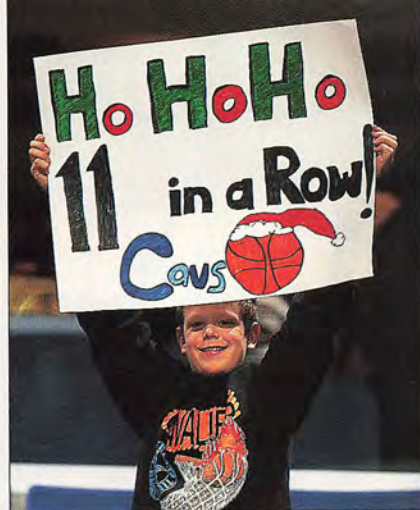
Fratello's approach with very little complaint, but they have also actually tried to make the best of it. As an example to the increasing number of malcontents around the NBA, every coach should point to the Cavs, who lead their division without having a player among the league's top 35 scorers. "A lot of players say they're more interested in team success than in individual goals," says Fratello, "but this group is proving they really are."

The Cavs' transition from a running to a walking team began last year. But it wasn't until the fourth game of this season, when the Cavaliers tried to run with

**Price (below) has struggled to adjust to the Cavs' poky pace but can't knock the very lively results.**

the Central Division-rival Indiana Pacers and were overrun instead, losing 93-86, that Fratello decided on a long-term slowdown. "We didn't always know what we would get out of our offense," Fratello says, "but we knew we could do three things every night: rebound, play defense and hustle. We decided those should be the things we would rely on."

Of course, the Cavs have more going for them than just the ability to rock their opponents slowly to sleep. "There's still plenty of talent on this team," says Fratello. Although four-time All-Star and Dream Team II point guard Mark Price's field goal percentage has slipped (a career .485 shooter, he's down to .423 this season), he has had some incendiary fourth quarters, among them a 14-point burst (including 4 for 4 from three-point range) that helped carry Cleveland past the New



York Knicks 93-90 at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 22. Four days later, in an uncharacteristic 123-102 blowout of the Boston Celtics, he tossed in seven three-pointers before spending the fourth quarter contentedly on the bench ("We have guys who've worked hard all year, and this was their chance to get significant minutes," he explained).

And even without Daugherty and Nance, the Cavs have become one of the top rebounding teams in the league, thanks largely to underrated power forward Tyrone Hill, free-agent pickup Michael Cage and John (Hot Rod) Williams, who is playing out of position in Daugherty's center spot. At 6' 11", 245 pounds, Williams is sacrificing his relatively lean frame to the cause. "This body was made to play occasional center," he says. "It wasn't meant to go slamming into Shaquille O'Neal and Patrick Ewing all the time. But you do what you have to do."

To that end the Cavs have accumulated a list of defensive achievements that can't be attributed solely to their slow-down offense, which through Monday had scored 93.0 points a game, second lowest in the NBA. Cleveland's average of 87.6 points allowed was the stingiest in the league and a whopping 7.4 points fewer than that of Atlanta, the next best team. The Cavaliers had yielded 100 points or more in only five of their first 28 games and had held opponents to 80 or fewer points eight times, both of which also were league bests. But Cleveland's deliberate offense still draws most of the attention. In victories over the Washington Bullets and the Hawks last week, the Cavaliers scored a scant eight fast-break points. The Cavs aren't just beating their opponents, they're annoying them, like a driver on the freeway who won't exceed the speed limit no matter how many cars honk their horns behind him.

They have heard plenty of complaints



Photographs by David Liam Kyle

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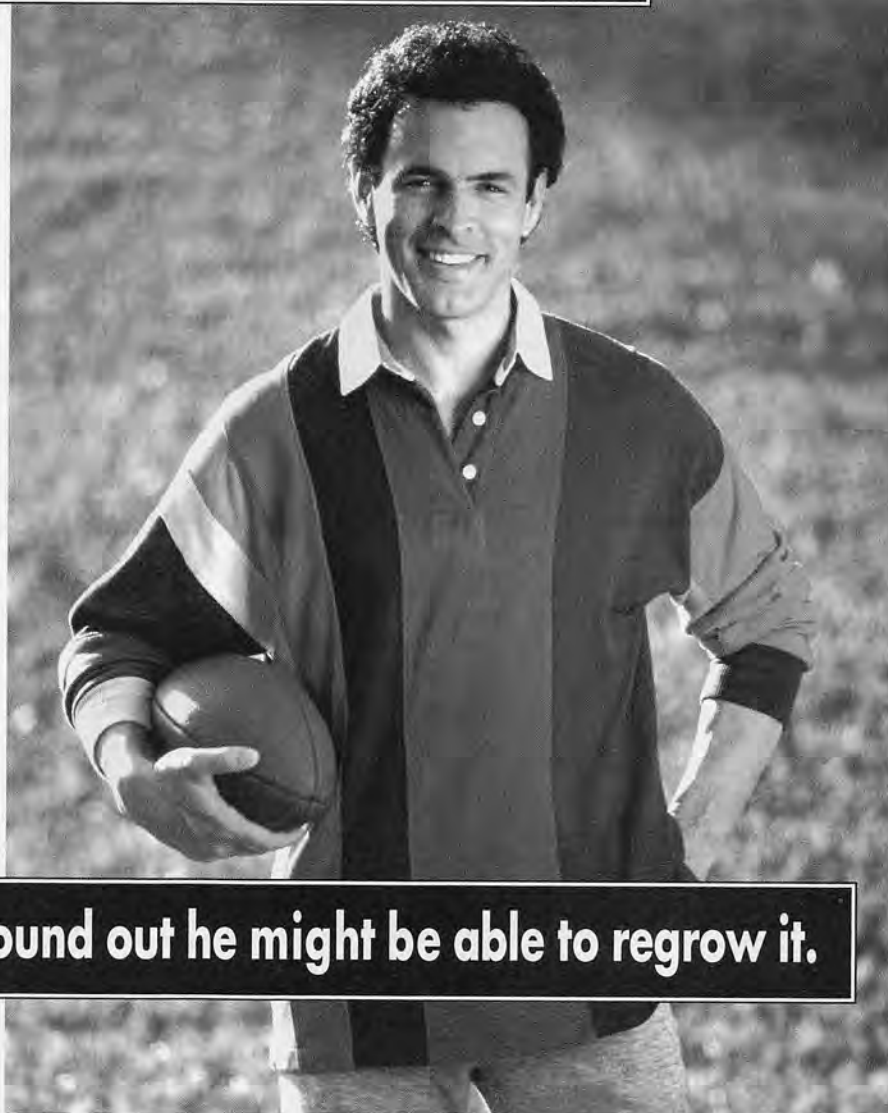
After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

**Side effects?** About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should be applied only to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

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Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.*

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## The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

### What is ROGAINE?

ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

### How effective is ROGAINE?

**In men:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

**In women:** A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 58% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

### How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

### How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

### What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

### How much ROGAINE should I use?

You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. Please refer to the Instructions for Use in the package.

### What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

### What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

### What are some of the side effects people have reported?

ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

**Dermatologic:** irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostaticitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema, hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth), local erythema (redness), pruritus (itching), dry skin/scalp flaking, sexual dysfunction, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

### What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

**Increased heart rate:** some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.  
**Salt and water retention:** weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.  
**Problems breathing:** especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.

**Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris:** brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

### What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

### Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

### Should any precautions be followed?

People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

### Are there special precautions for women?

Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

### Can ROGAINE be used by children?

No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

**Caution:** Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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## Cleveland Cavaliers

about their boring—sorry, “stimulation-deprived”—style, usually from coaches or players they have just defeated. But the Cavs shrug off such carping the same way they ignore the criticism of their new uniforms, which have a splash of blue across the shirt and shorts that make them look as if they’ve just brushed against wet paint. “People either love them or they hate them,” says Williams. “I wouldn’t say they’re ugly, not at all.” These being the Cavs, perhaps “aesthetically challenged” would be a better term.

The Cleveland paradox is that nearly all the team’s trappings—from its gleaming new facility, Gund Arena, to its new logo and unconventional outfits—are meant to contribute to an exciting new identity, yet its conservative offense is what has come to define its staid persona. The Cavaliers realize their style is not exactly thrill-a-minute, but they are committed to it for much the same reason that Williams named his four children John Jr., Johnfrancis, Johnna and Johnpaul—when they find something that works, they stick with it. “We’re pretty much a blue-collar team,” Price says. “We know the way we play is not the prettiest thing to watch, but we don’t have the horses to try to run with teams the way we used to.”

No one would be more receptive to a different approach than Price, who longs for the days when he would push the ball upcourt with Nance and Wilkins on the wings and Daugherty trailing. “At times I feel Mike’s got the reins, and when I get the urge to push it up the court, he gives them a yank,” Price says. “But the reason this style is working is that everyone understands it’s the style that gives us the best chance of winning.”

It’s clear, though, that Fratello’s current approach isn’t a good long-term fit for Price. And it’s also worth noting that the Cavs gave 24-year-old backup point guard Terrell Brandon a one-year, \$7 million contract extension before the Nov. 8 league negotiation deadline—but they decided against doing the same for the 30-year-old Price, whose contract expires at the end of next season. Price does wonder enough about his future with the Cavaliers to have told the *Chicago Tribune* last month, “You do look around at other teams and say to yourself, That team sure can use a point guard who can shoot.”

The only Cav with impressive individual statistics is Hill. At week’s end he was third in the league with a rebounding average of 11.8, which placed him ahead of

such better-known names as Olajuwon, O’Neal, Ewing and Mourning. But Hill not only doesn’t care about getting attention, he consciously avoids it, as he did during the preseason when he declined Fratello’s offer to push him for a spot on the All-Star ballot. “I don’t need that stuff,” he says. “We have All-Star caliber players like Mark and Hot Rod who are at their peak. Let them have it.”

“He’s like a silent storm trooper,” says Fratello. “He comes in, goes after every ball relentlessly, then goes home.” In last week’s victory over Atlanta, Hill had 10 rebounds in the third quarter. At one point Cavalier forward Chris Mills lost position for a rebound when he took a forearm in the small of the back. When he whirled to glare at the culprit, he found it was Hill.

On the court Hill is known for his menacing scowl, but that look melts into a self-deprecating smile away from the floor. He may be the best example of the Cavaliers’ ability to acknowledge their shortcomings and work around them. Hill is not a leaper or a ball handler, and he doesn’t try to be. “James Worthy was my idol growing up,” he says of the recently retired Los Angeles Laker forward. “I wanted to do everything just like him, drive to the basket the way he did. Unfortunately, I can’t dribble.” In college at Xavier, where he finished as the sixth-leading rebounder in NCAA history, Hill kept three pet piranhas, which he named Rebound 1, Rebound 2 and Rebound 3. The fish earned their names when Hill watched how hungrily they fought for the goldfish he would drop into their tank. “It kind of reminded me of the way I felt going for a ball off the rim,” he says.

But long before college Hill developed his ability to battle for possession in a crowd. Growing up in Cincinnati as the third youngest of 13 children, he learned about boxing out and throwing elbows at



**Among the unheralded Cavs is Phills, who has risen to the occasion as the sub for Wilkins.**

dinnertime. “If you didn’t make your move as soon as the food was on the table,” he says, “you might find yourself having to wait until the next meal.”

The Cavs have made their move early this season, but they realize that their style leaves them little margin for error. “We can’t afford to coast for one minute,” says Price. There seems little chance of that. In order to coast, the Cavs would need to catch a ride, and they’ve already shown that, all things considered, they would rather walk. ■



## SURFING

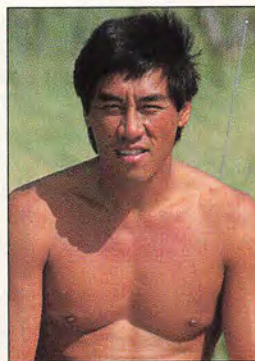
# The Last Ride

**A treacherous surfing site claimed the life of big-wave legend Mark Foo**

**by Richard Hoffer**

MOST DAYS, the surf at Half Moon Bay, Calif., is just a low lump—a slowly rolling lump—in the water. But maybe a dozen days each winter, when the swells reach 10 feet and it seems that the entire mass of the Pacific is being forced over a reef there, the waves rise 10, 20, even 40 feet and break from the center out, a foamy V that peels north and south until it shatters on a pile of black rocks at Pillar Point. Surfers call the area Maverick's, and the breakers there are a magnificent sight, mesmerizing from the shore. People come from San Francisco, 22 miles to the north, and from beyond, climbing the palisades beneath the Air Force tracking station just to watch the curl and spray.

Maverick's waves, for all their obvious glory, were not even surfed until 1975. The water was too huge—four stories high at times—the rocks too near. Finally



a local surfer named Jeff Clark paddled out. Clark, who still surfs Maverick's, thought he might have miscalculated the danger the first time he rode the waves there. "An ominous displacement of water," he recalls thinking. For 14 years after that, Clark had Maverick's waves virtually to himself. In 1989, though, others followed, and soon the elite big-wave surfers

had made Maverick's an important stop on their small tour, along with Waimea Bay in Hawaii and Todos Santos off Ensenada, Mexico. The surf at Maverick's, which had carried nobody since the beginning of time, was obliged to shoulder tremendous lineups of surfers. And now the place is newly anointed by tragedy.

In mid-December a cold front out of Alaska began producing 30-foot waves there. How this local information gets disseminated is anybody's guess, but sudden-





**Foo's wipeout on this wave didn't look at first like a fatal fall.**

ly Pillar Point was densely populated with surfers and spectators.

On Dec. 23 it was a circus. There were three photo boats in the water. *Surfer* magazine hired a helicopter for a picture shoot featuring big-wave rider Brock Little. But, independent of that, all the big-wave guys had shown up. Mike Parsons was there; so was Ken Bradshaw. And, conferring Super Bowl status on Maverick's run, here came Mark Foo, gentleman surfer, who had kept a board at Half Moon Bay for years, just for the day he could surf there. He caught a red-eye from his home in Hawaii when he heard the conditions were right.

Foo, 36, who co-produced the surf show *H<sub>3</sub>O* for cable TV's Prime Network, was a legend. He was one of a half dozen guys you spoke of when it came to big-wave riding. They say he rode the biggest ever at Waimea.

At Maverick's, Foo took off on a number of good waves without incident. But he went down on a flawless 20-foot face and fell flat into the water. It was an

unremarkable wipeout on a medium-sized wave. Foo's fall was all the more unnoticed because, on the next wave, Little and Parsons both wiped out and were swept toward the rocky outcropping. That recalled Clark's famous wipeout at Maverick's two winters ago, when he was forced to cling to a rock in the pounding surf for 45 minutes until the tide went out.

Little and Parsons survived. Mysteriously, Foo did not. About 45 minutes after he disappeared, part of his board drifted out to the lineup of waiting surfers. An hour after that, a boatload of surfers and photographers discovered another piece of board washed up near the entrance of the harbor, about three quarters of a mile away. Someone on the boat tried to pull the piece aboard. It was the tail of Foo's board. Foo, the best surfer ever to die in a wave, was still attached by his ankle strap.

He had been hit on the head, no question. But the coroner's report suggested he might have drowned first. How can you reconstruct a sequence of events in the sudden violence of Maverick's? Pointless to try. "I knew somebody would die there the first time I surfed it," says Clark.

Almost immediately after Foo's body

was discovered, the waves—and the crowds—disappeared. But last Friday, Maverick's waves were breaking again, and you could hear their disturbing sound from the dirt parking lot beyond the point: the thrum of locomotives, empty train cars colliding in a frantic switching yard. People began to line the palisades. Photographers manned tripods.

By midday, at low tide, three surfers had paddled out to Maverick's, but as one glorious set after another passed beneath them, they sat resolutely on their boards. They sat there for an hour and a half, peering over the lip, gliding down each wave's backside. Finally three other surfers paddled out, and they began dropping, one at a time, down the waves' faces. Off they would go, driving straight down, 20 to 30 feet, turning and turning to get beyond the crushing weight of what must have seemed like the entire ocean.

Foo's death still hung in the air. A tribute was planned for that afternoon. So what could you think, standing on the palisade, watching these boys escape that black menace, a killer wave, tracing white lines of self-preservation with their little yellow boards? Ride of their lives, you guessed. ■

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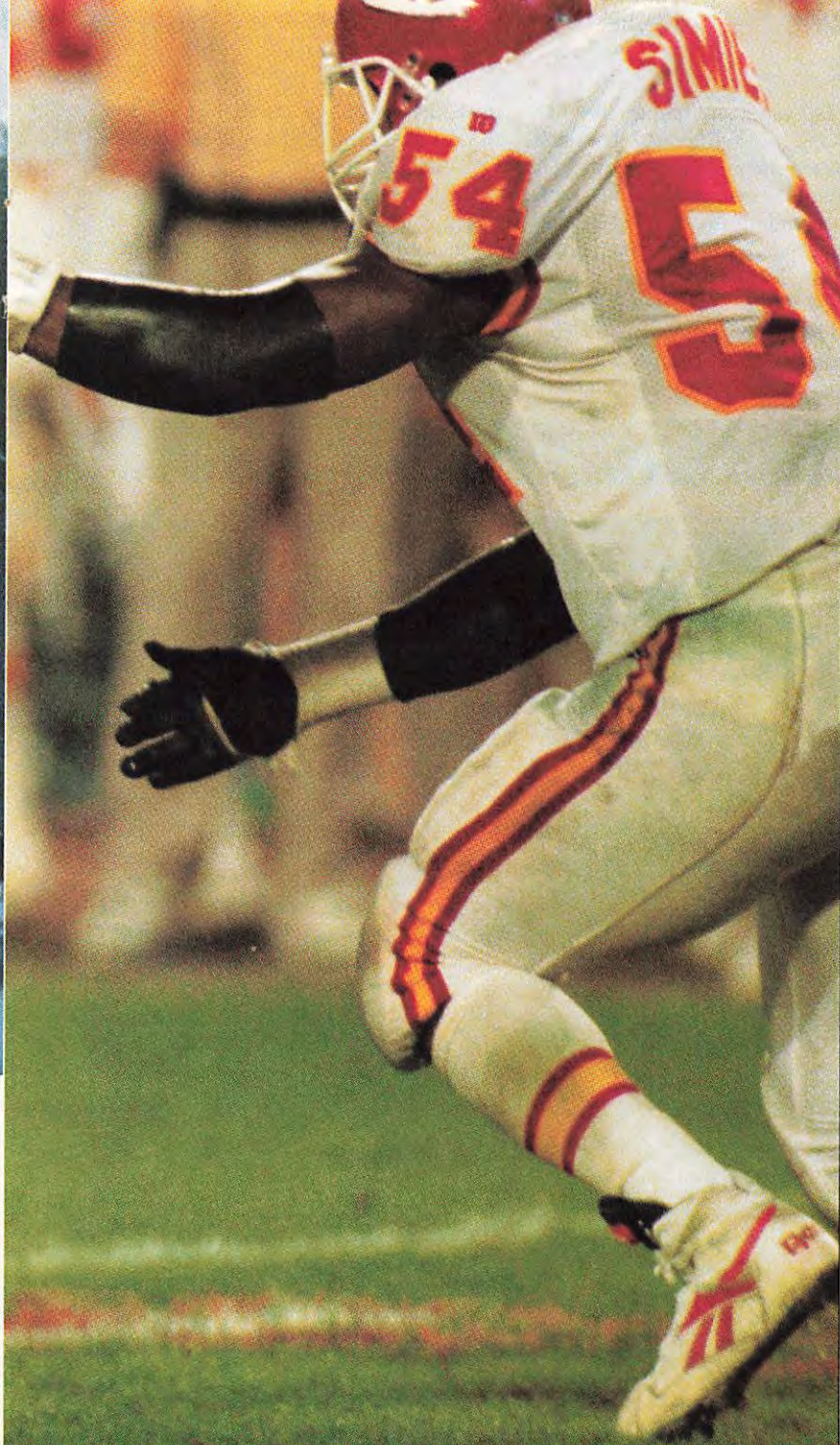
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## THE NEW WINDSTAR



# Showdown



**In a rare clash between two NFL legends, Dan Marino's Dolphins beat Joe Montana's Chiefs**  
by Michael Silver

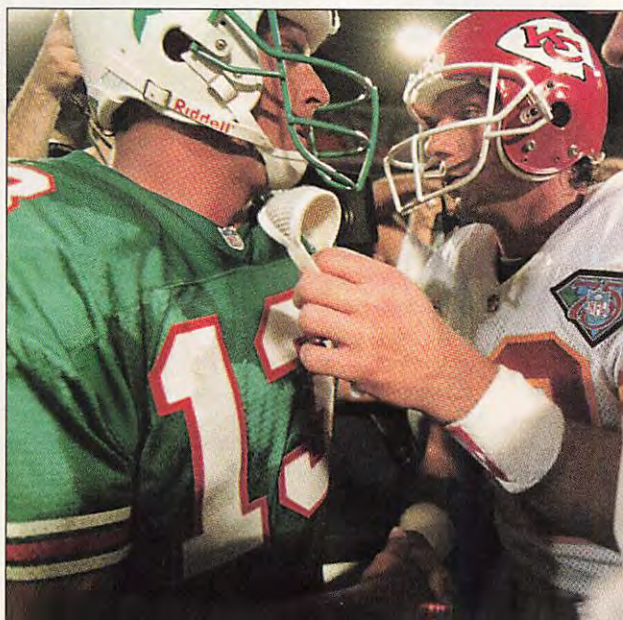
THE BACKDROP was identical to that of his most momentous throw, and as Kansas City Chief quarterback Joe Montana stared into the west end zone of Miami's Joe Robbie Stadium last Saturday, he wore the same steely glare that he had displayed nearly six years before, when his target and his career vistas were both wide open. There were 26 seconds to go this time, enough for a touchdown, an onside kick and one last miracle, and the greatest player of his era still saw a chance for victory. Montana wheeled back, set his front foot and looked toward wideout Willie Davis, who was tantalizingly close to the spot where John Taylor had cradled Montana's game-winning touchdown pass for the San Francisco 49ers in Super Bowl XXIII. Three Miami Dolphin defenders surrounded Davis, but Montana was out of options. He fired a gorgeously defiant spiral, Davis leaped . . . and the trio of Dolphins converged to knock the pass away.

One more end-zone incompletion later and it was all over. Montana had been undone by an impotent Chief defense and outdone by Dan Marino, the other legendary quarterback in this duel of icons. Marino's spotless performance—22 of 29 for 257 yards, two touchdowns and no interceptions—pushed Miami to a 27-17 victory in the wild-card round of the playoffs, while Montana's honorable effort may have helped nudge him toward retirement. If this was his last game, it was a noble and dignified finale. Montana played like a champion, and it took another champion to bring him down.

Last Saturday's showdown was, as Kansas City running back Marcus Allen called it, a "game within a game"—the third career meeting between two of football's alltime greats. The last Montana-Marino matchup took place almost a decade ago, in Super Bowl XIX, a 38-16 Niner win that earned Montana his second Super Bowl MVP award. Marino threw for 318 yards, but he spoiled a record-setting regular season (he threw for 48 touchdowns and 5,084 yards) by blaming teammates for making mistakes. Since then, injuries to one or the other had

**The Chiefs upended Irving Spikes (40), but Marino (13) won the face-off with Montana.**

AL TIELEMANS



BILL FRANKS

## NFL Playoffs

prevented four potential rematches. This time Marino, still sore from the torn right Achilles tendon that had knocked him out of the last 11 games of 1993, danced toe-to-toe with Montana and moved the Dolphins into a second-round game this Sunday against the San Diego Chargers.

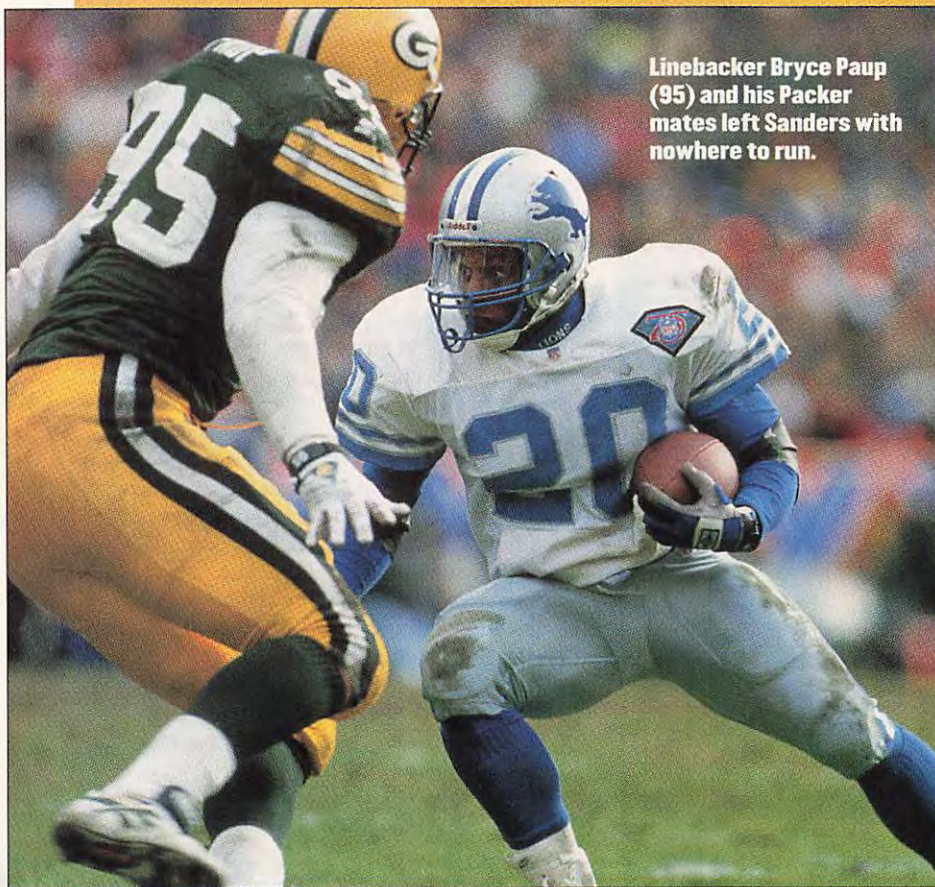
In the puntless first half the two quarterbacks led their teams to 34 points,

threw for 340 yards and had a mere five incompletions in 31 attempts. The pass everyone will remember came just after the two-minute warning. Marino says his right leg has not improved since July, and he is probably headed for more surgery in the off-season. But he can still pick apart a defense. Trailing 17-10 and facing a fourth-and-three from the Kansas City 36, Marino wanted to throw short. But when he dropped back to pass and saw

the Chiefs' coverage unfold, he knew that the middle of the field would be open for receiver O.J. McDuffie.

Marino faced one obstacle: the Kansas City pass rush. For most of the game, defensive end Neil Smith and linebacker Derrick Thomas, both Pro Bowl perennials, were nowhere near the ball, but on this play Smith had a clear-cut path toward Marino. Marino pump-faked once, then twice, as Smith kept coming. Dol-

## Central Time



**Linebacker Bryce Paup (95) and his Packer mates left Sanders with nowhere to run.**

While Wannstedt was busy writing the book on teamwork, the Vikings were reduced to relying on prayer. A month ago wide receiver Cris Carter and one of the team's chaplains laid their hands on the sore wrist of quarterback Warren Moon and prayed over it. Two weeks ago, after Moon stretched ligaments in his left knee, Carter got some anointing oil and he, Moon and the chaplain prayed over the knee. "It helped me, at least mentally," Moon said.

Carter would have done better anointing the noggins of some of his teammates. After the Vikings battled back to a 21-12 deficit late in the third quarter, their defense was called for two bonehead penalties that set up the Bears for a 21-yard touchdown pass from Steve Walsh to Jeff Graham.

Meanwhile, the Green Bay Packers earned a date with the Cowboys with a 16-12 win over the Detroit Lions. The Packers' remarkable snuffing of NFL rushing champion Barry Sanders (13 rushes, minus-one yard) was more than enough to compensate for the absence of wideout Sterling Sharpe, who may never play another down. Last week Sharpe was told that he would need surgery to fuse two vertebrae in his upper neck.

Green Bay could give Dallas a struggle, but only if the Pack does to running back Emmitt Smith what it did to Sanders, and if quarterback Brett Favre is as good as he has been in the last nine games, in which he has thrown for 23 touchdowns with seven interceptions, turning around what would have been his second straight mediocre season.

What accounts for the about-face? After Green Bay lost to the Vikings on Oct. 20 to fall to 3-4, coach Mike Holmgren gave his team three days off, and Favre headed home to Mississippi. At an airport bar in Chicago he had an epiphany. Says Favre, "The problem was, I was thinking, Maybe I don't want to throw this, because if it's intercepted, everyone will be saying, Here he goes again. I told myself I wasn't going to be like that anymore. Since then, I've approached every game saying, They can't stop me."

A boast that will be put to the test in Dallas.

—PETER KING

THE NFC held its Central Division Holiday Classic last weekend. It was a chummy tournament played in the upper Midwest that excited no one but did decide which warmup games the San Francisco 49ers and the Dallas Cowboys will play before they square off in the most compelling conference title game in years.

San Francisco will play football's Little Engine That Could, the Chicago Bears, who stunned everyone but themselves by beating the division-champion Vikings 35-18 in Minnesota on Sunday afternoon. The essence of this no-name, no-Pro Bowler Bear bunch was expressed in a newspaper clipping tacked to the bulletin board of Chicago's offensive line coach, Tony Wise. "The Bears obviously are doing something right," wrote Bud Lea of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. "I'm just darned if I can figure out what it is."

What Dave Wannstedt and his staff do is coach the living daylight out of a team of egoless football marginalia.

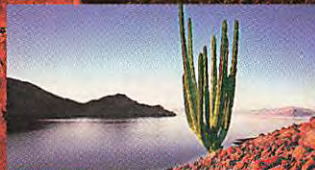
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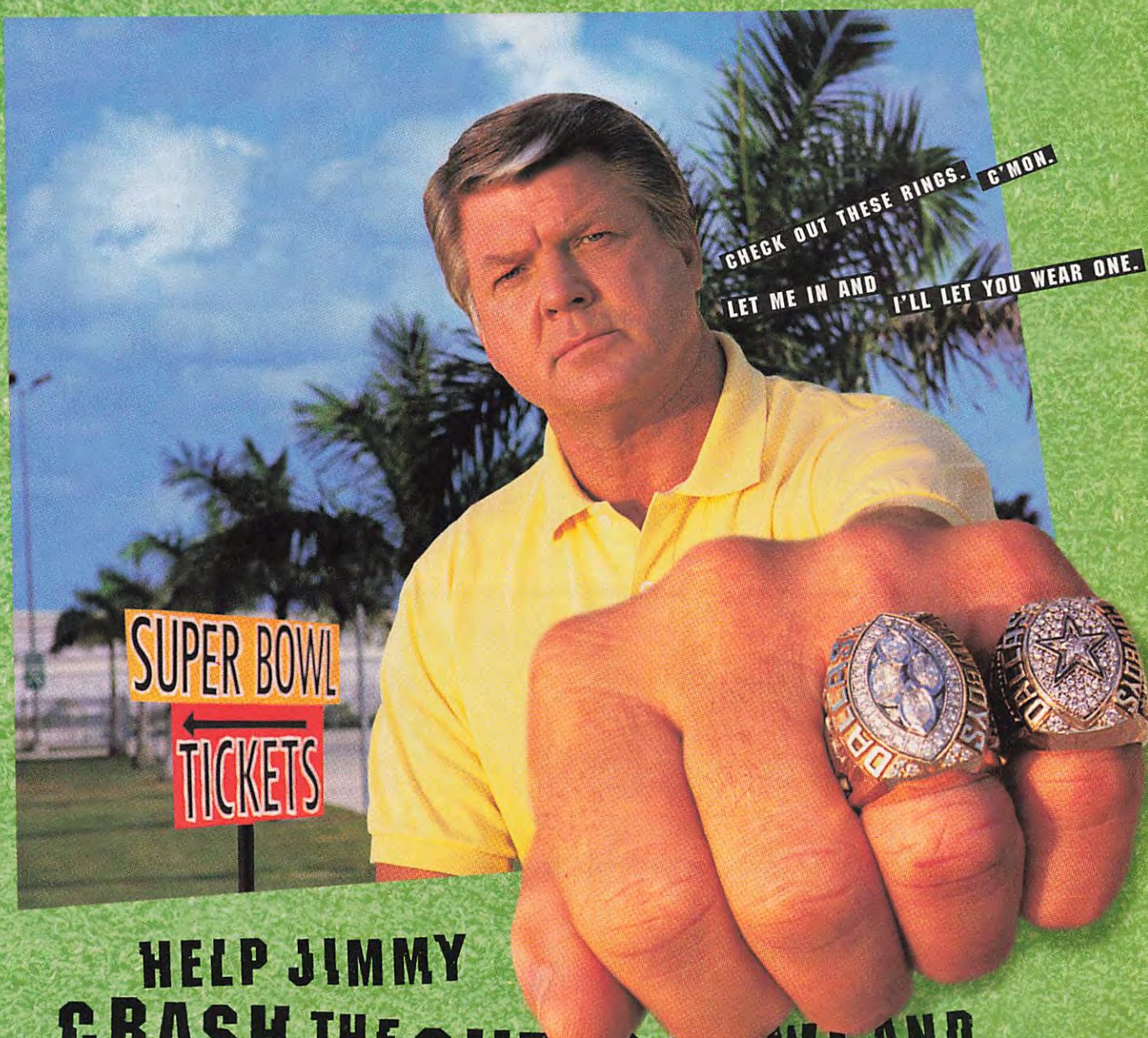
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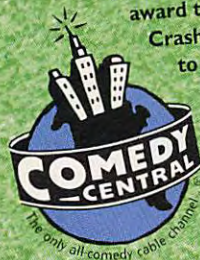
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phin tackle Ron Heller bumped Smith just enough while Marino pump-faked a *third* time, then rifled the ball to McDuffie for a 17-yard gain. "We didn't think he could move, with the leg and all," Smith said later, "but he showed he still has it."

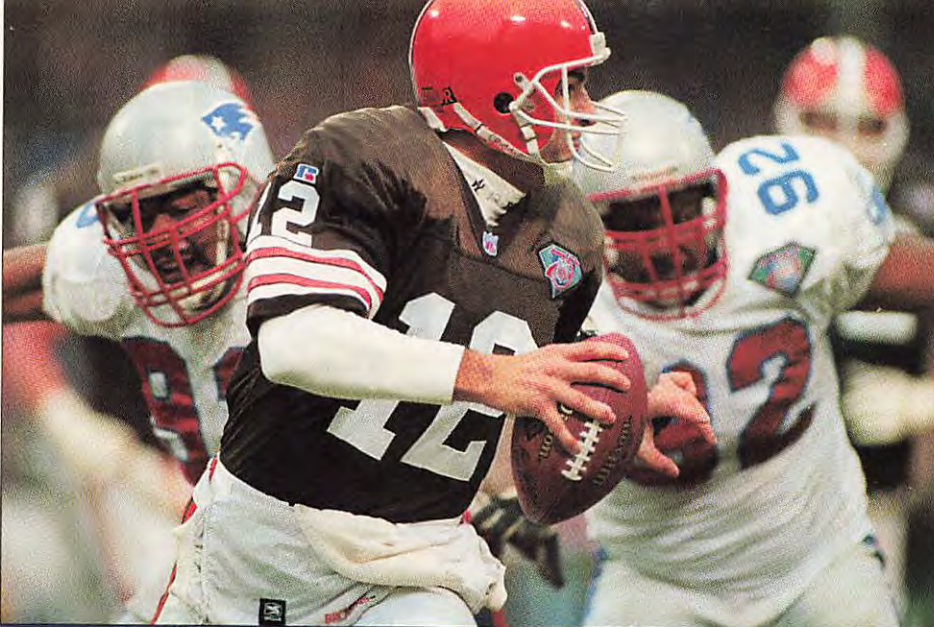
Having self-destructed in his lone Super Bowl trip, Marino has spent 10 years seeking redemption. Still ring-free at 33, he has been reminding his teammates, especially the younger ones, not to take this opportunity lightly. The Dolphin defense got the message. While the Chief defenders went the entire day without a big play, Miami came up with two in the fourth quarter alone: cornerback J.B. Brown's goal line interception of a Montana pass early in the period and safety Michael Stewart's strip of the ball from Allen on the Miami 34 on the next Chief series.

Brown's interception represented the one mistake in Montana's 26-of-37, 314-yard day, and his intended receiver, Eric Martin, may have tipped the play when he spoke by telephone last week with Dolphin safety Gene Atkins, a former teammate with the New Orleans Saints. According to Brown, Martin, a 10-year veteran, told Atkins that when Montana gets near the goal line, "he likes to go to the OGs"—meaning the "old guys."

Of the game's four legendary OGs, three—Allen, Marino and Miami coach Don Shula—have made it clear that they will be back next year. The only question mark is Montana, who turns 39 in June and may not make a decision before then.

Montana angrily denied a New York *Daily News* report in early December that said he had decided to retire. And yet it seems likely that he has thrown his last pass. The injury to his right knee that he suffered in the regular-season finale against the L.A. Raiders is more serious than has been reported; Montana says it will probably require surgery. And while it was once assumed that Montana has few interests outside football, he has taken a fancy to flying. For Christmas his wife, Jennifer, bought him a Malibu Mirage, a single-engine, six-seat turboprop plane.

In addition, Montana has been frustrated by the conservative play-calling of offensive coordinator Paul Hackett, especially near the goal line. Some close to the quarterback say he might have quit after last season's loss to the Buffalo Bills in the AFC Championship Game had he not been knocked from the game with a concussion. They say Montana wanted a dignified exit. Last Saturday's game would surely be that. ■



JOHN IACONO

## Vinny's Vindication

LATE SUNDAY afternoon in the Cleveland Browns' locker room, quarterback Vinny Testaverde, who had just completed 20 of 30 passes for 268 yards, one touchdown and, best of all, no interceptions in a 20-13 victory over the New England Patriots, was asked, "What was the best pass you threw today?"

Was it the five-yard touchdown toss to Mark Carrier midway through the second quarter, when Testaverde scrambled and lobbed the ball over the outstretched arms of free safety Harlon Barnett? Or the 36-yarder up to Michael Jackson at the end of the first half against the Patriots' best cover guy, Maurice Hurst? How about the 25-yard pass to Leroy Hoard in the third quarter, with Testaverde rolling to his right and throwing across the field to his left?

None of the above. "The best pass I threw," Testaverde said, "was a throw-away in the fourth quarter."

How's that again?

"I was scrambling, and I avoided the sack and threw the ball out of bounds," Testaverde explained. "No sack, no interception. Avoid the bad play, punt and then get the ball back again."

Call it excessive modesty born of eight years of frustration. Testaverde was seen as the savior of the Tampa Bay franchise when the Bucs made him the first pick of the '87 draft. After seven seasons in which he threw 112 interceptions, he escaped last season to Cleveland to play second fiddle to Bernie Kosar. Midway through the '93 season, Testaverde became a starter again, when the Browns cut Kosar.

Though Testaverde guided the Browns to an 11-5 record this season and their first playoff appearance since 1989, the Cleveland faithful remain skeptical about the Browns' chances with him at quarterback. His teammates, though, feel differently. "[Safety] Eric Turner came over to me in the locker room last week," Testaverde said, "and told me, 'I'm behind you, and the team's behind you. We'll go only as far as you can take us.' No one has ever told me that before."

Still, even after Testaverde had taken the Browns to the next level—a second-round game against the Steelers in Pittsburgh this Saturday—right guard Bob Dahl's praise was carefully restrained. "Vinny did what he had to do, and that was not to create any turnovers," said Dahl.

By disguising coverages and constantly shifting their defensive formations, the Patriots had hoped to reveal the Testaverde of turnover fame. But he has learned to take the sack or throw out of bounds rather than aim and hope for the best.

While Testaverde was completing 10 straight passes during the second half, Pat quarterback Drew Bledsoe threw two fourth-quarter interceptions, the second of which led to a Matt Stover field goal that all but put the game out of reach.

After he knelt to kill the clock, Testaverde picked up the ball and carried it into the locker room. "I awarded myself a game ball," he said.

And what was he thinking about on that last play?

"Pittsburgh," he said. "Honest to God."

—PAUL ZIMMERMAN

**Testaverde (12) exercised uncommon prudence in leading the Browns past the Pats.**

# The FACE

**Bill Cowher's mug—like his Steelers—is beloved  
in Pittsburgh • by Tim Crothers**

SITTING ON the front porch at 68 Hawthorne Avenue during summertimes past, you could listen across the hills and valleys of the western reaches of Pittsburgh and sometimes hear the faint din of the distant ballpark. Laird Cowher and his son Billy smiled at each other when they heard that familiar, disembodied roar, realizing that Pops Stargell had once again left the yard at Three Rivers Stadium.

In the autumns, it was football. Always football. One day Billy was prone on the carpet in the second-floor living room, a flowered cushion beneath his chin and his father lying on the couch. They were watching a Steeler game, the old Zenith struggling to maintain its vertical hold. Billy turned to his father and said, "I want to do that."

"What?" his father said. "Fix TVs?"

"No, football," Billy said. "I want to try that."

Three decades later Bill Cowher has just driven the nine miles from the coach's office in Three Rivers to the suburb of Crafton. He takes a left onto Hawthorne, parks in front of the sixth house on the right and strides up the stairs two at a time. He takes no notice of a copy of *Steeler Digest* with his face on the cover, that pronounced lantern jaw jutting out from the surface of the coffee table in the living room. He has come home to share with his dad the preparations for the upcoming game against the Cleveland Browns that, once won, will give his Steelers the AFC Central Division title and a



third playoff invitation in his three years as coach. "I still remember registering him for Pop Warner when he was 10 years old," Laird says. "Now that same boy is back home coaching the hometown team that I've lived and died for my whole life. What a fairy tale."

On the night of Jan. 21, 1992, nine hours after it was announced that Cowher, then 34, would replace the legendary Chuck Noll as the Steelers' coach, Cowher sat alone in a Pittsburgh hotel room and phoned his wife, Kaye, in a panic. "I don't know what I've gotten into," said Cowher. "If every day is like this day, I don't know if I can do this." Kaye, a former player in the Women's Professional Basketball League, understood the challenge ahead and talked her husband down.

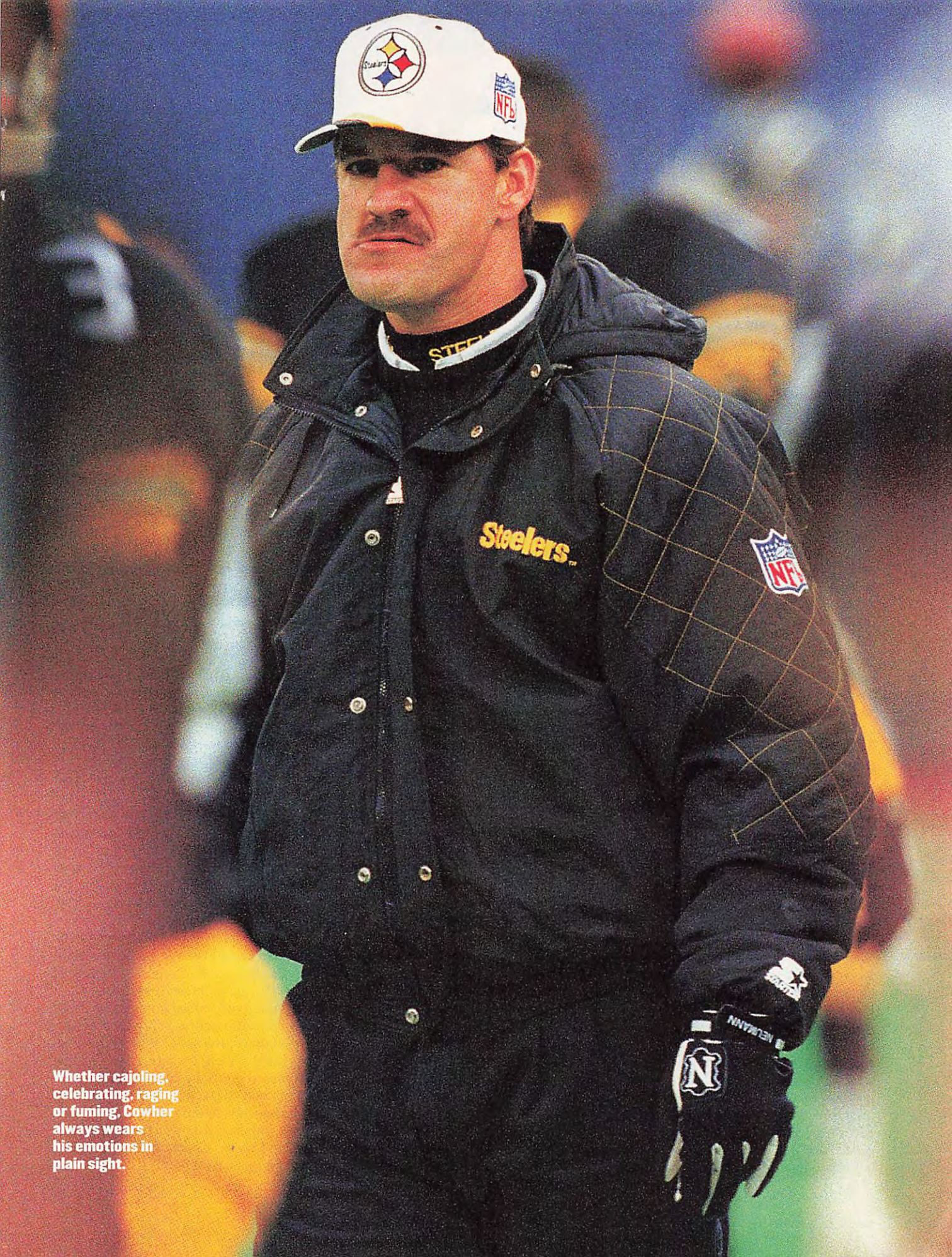
As it turns out, the Steelers were a bit

anxious as well. After all, one of Cowher's players, guard Tunch Ilkin, was only four months his junior. Steeler counsel Art Rooney II's initial reaction to Cowher's candidacy was: "We're not going to interview this guy who's only 34 years old, are we?" But Steeler brass needed only to look back at Noll's career for reassurance. Like Noll, Cowher had played several undistinguished seasons in the NFL, then taken an assistant coach's job at age 28. Noll had been hired as Steeler coach in 1969 at the age of 37. Of course, that is where the similarities ended. "Right from the start Coach Cowher pumped a new energy into us," safety Carnell Lake remembers. "Most

coaches are 'Hello, how are you, go about your business' kind of guys. But Cowher talked to us, encouraged us."

"I'm young enough to have played in this league with Marino and Montana, and I think my players relate to that," Cowher explains. "Also, I was never a gifted athlete. After every practice at every training camp, I knew I could be on the road home. That helps you identify with players' fears."

In one of his first acts as Pittsburgh coach, Cowher invited his veteran players to sit in first class on the team plane while he, his assistant coaches and even Steeler president Dan Rooney sat in economy. He asked that a bubble be built over the practice facility so that his players would not have to contend with inclement weather. One day he bagged workouts and took the whole team to see *Speed*.



Whether cajoling, celebrating, raging or fuming, Cowher always wears his emotions in plain sight.

## Bill Cowher

He has also displayed an unusual flexibility during games. In his coaching debut, at Houston in '92, with his team down 14-0, Cowher called a fake punt that led to a touchdown, and the Steelers rallied to upset the Oilers. Later that season, in the second half against Detroit, cornerback Rod Woodson asked if the defense could be more aggressive. Cowher paused and then barked, "Well, blitz then." The Steelers did and came from behind for another win.

"Cowher understands the fine line between pushing a player and pissing him off," says cornerback Tim McKyer. "He's the perfect mix of hard and gentle. But just when you think he's a teddy bear, he can turn into a tiger."

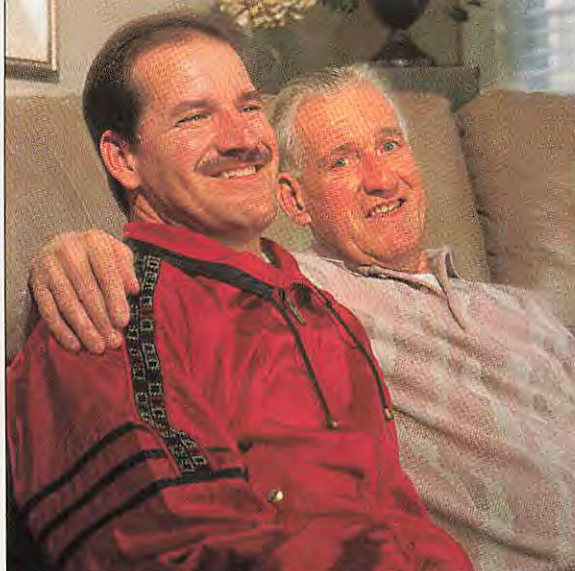
No kidding. At a Cowher training camp, drills are run with military precision and meals are mandatory. Missing a lunch can cost you \$200. Cowher is wound so tightly that he has been known to get into heated arguments with Dan Rooney in the executive offices. But the coach reserves his most ferocious tirades for players who commit mental mistakes on the field. "When he gets in your face you know the saliva's going to fly," says linebacker Greg Lloyd. "When he gives you that shower you just hope it's raining, so you can't tell if it's rain or spit."

After each game, each practice, Cowher drives straight home to Kaye and their three daughters. He has no radio show. No TV show. He doesn't do ads for Fords or frozen yogurt. He exists inside his two passions, family and football, exclusive of everything else.

He is so focused that one afternoon he was seated next to a woman at a civic luncheon and politely asked, "What is it you do?" The woman responded, "I'm the mayor of Pittsburgh."

The Steelers have always been about faces: the well-worn mug of the late owner, Art Rooney, with a stogie jammed into his mouth; the stoic facade of Noll beneath the black wool cap; the ever-expanding forehead of Terry Bradshaw; Jack Lambert's nose pointing east and west with its ever-present trickle of blood; and the gracious grin of Mean Joe Greene after trading his jersey for a Coke. But until Cowher arrived, no Steeler was ever called Face.

Orthodontists describe Cowher's most



**Laird raised his son to live and die for the Steelers.**

distinctive facial feature as a prognathic mandible. In layman's terms, he has the jawbone of a blue whale. The nickname caught on during Cowher's adolescence because his visage frightened other children. "When Bill played for Carlynton High, his face was so intense that our players were scared to death of him," says former South Park High coach Tom Donahoe, now the Steeler director of operations. "He even had some of my coaches intimidated."

During those days Laird took Billy to football games, first at Forbes Field and later at Pitt Stadium, to watch the Steelers of John Henry Johnson and the Pitt Panthers, who featured a scrappy linebacker named Marty Schottenheimer. Billy had hoped to attend Pitt or Penn State, but neither came calling. Then one day Lou Holtz stepped into the Cowher living room, yanked off his cap and asked, "Shall we pray?" He offered Billy a free education at North Carolina State, and the decision was made. On Friday nights Laird and his wife, Dorothy, drove nine hours to cheer on their son, then drove home Saturday night so as not to miss the Steeler kickoff on Sunday afternoon.

An undersized, overachieving linebacker, Cowher led the Wolfpack in tackles in his final two seasons, 1978 and '79. "We thought he was borderline insane when it came to football," teammate Brad Holt once said. "If you looked into his eyes as he walked onto the field, it was like he was leaving the planet. He was the most intense player I've ever seen."

Cowher was not drafted, but in 1980 he hooked up with the Cleveland Browns as a special-teamer and reserve linebacker under Schottenheimer, then the Browns' defensive coordinator. He played five

unremarkable seasons with the Browns and the Philadelphia Eagles before a knee injury ended his career in '85. Schottenheimer quickly hired him as his special teams coach. "We used to cover punts with 12 guys," Schottenheimer says. "That's 11 players plus Cowher streaking down the sidelines. It's hard to count how many officials he bowled over."

Cowher's style produced results. In his first season the Browns returned two punts for touchdowns, which was two more than they had had in the previous 17 seasons. They also blocked two punts, which they had not done even once in the past 11 years. And they improved from last to first in kickoff coverage.

When Schottenheimer moved to Kansas City in '89, Cowher did too, becoming the Chiefs' defensive coordinator. That year the Chiefs had the AFC's top-ranked defense, and from '89 to '91 Cowher's troops recorded more sacks than any other team in the conference.

Finally, in January '92, the phone rang at the Cowher home in Crafton. "Laird, do you still have your Terrible Towel?" asked a breathless Kaye. "You're going to be needing it."

"Two years ago I went to order a ham at the local butcher," Laird Cowher says. "I told the guy, 'Hold that for Cowher.'"

"Cowher?" the butcher said. "Same name as the Steeler coach."

"I know," Laird said. "He's my son."

"Yeah, right," said the butcher, "and I'm President Clinton."

These days Laird can barely remember the time before 68 Hawthorne Avenue became a tourist spot. "Folks come by snapping pictures of our house," he says, rubbing his own prominent mandible. "It makes you wonder how crazy folks have to be to get in the nuthouse."

He then looks across the room at the coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, who is reveling in his father's modesty, allowing himself a rare moment of satisfaction.

"I'm the only coach in this league who can drive 10 minutes and be in his boyhood home," Bill says. "When I took this job I told myself, I want to be here long enough to go to my 20th high school reunion, and that's coming up this spring. Who knows? I haven't changed too much, maybe my classmates will recognize me."

Don't worry, Coach. In Crafton, folks never forget a Face.



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**MERCURY**

# Ball of Confusion

With an imposed salary cap in place and court battles looming, baseball spins out of control • by Tim Kurkjian

IT WAS a joyous Christmas Day at the Smith house in Houston. Tal Smith, president of the Houston Astros, gave his son, Randy, general manager of the San Diego Padres, a sculpture of an old-time baseball player. Randy gave his father a sculpture too, this one of Stan Musial, as well as a baseball anthology. Every ornament on the Christmas tree was baseball related, as was much of the dinner conversation—after all, the Astros and the Padres had just agreed to a 12-player trade that would be announced in a few days.

From his new book, Tal read aloud a poem, which assured that all would be right with the world again when Babe Ruth returned from a suspension and started hitting home runs. "The game is the thing," Tal said later. "No one is bigger than the game. Let's hope that the beauty of the game transcends what's going on now."

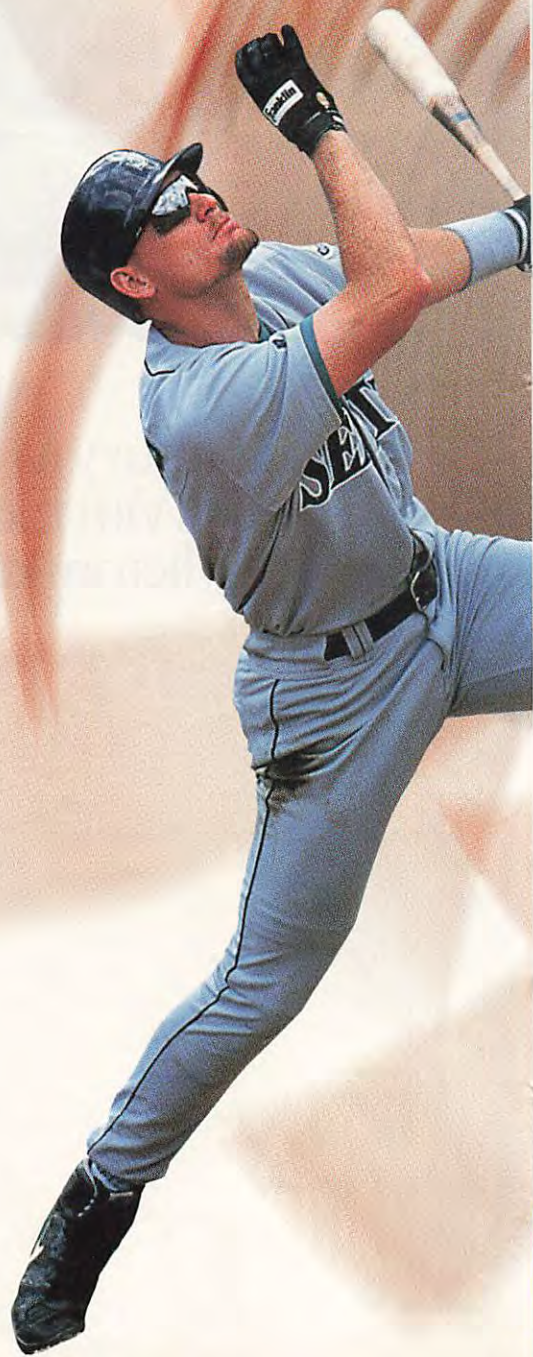
What's going on with the game today is confusion, anger and mistrust. The relationship between major league owners and striking players is as acrimonious as ever (negotiations have ceased and aren't scheduled to resume), general managers struggle to figure out the revenue-sharing plan and salary cap implemented by the owners on Dec. 23, and nobody—not owners, G.M.'s, players or fans—knows whether major leaguers or replacement players will suit up on Opening Day.

Normally this is the time when the hot-stove league heats up, but instead of talk about National League RBI champ Jeff Bagwell, there's talk of the NLRB (National Labor Relations Board). Instead of assessing the new lineups of the Astros and the Padres, whose Dec. 28 trade was the biggest in 37 years, baseball people are focusing on how the deal affects each club's status under the cap.

Here's what the holiday season brought:

- The Texas Rangers traded slugger Jose Canseco to the Boston Red Sox for a prospect and a 36-year-old leadoff hitter; the Chicago White Sox sent ace Jack McDowell to the New York Yankees for a pedestrian Double A pitcher; and the San Francisco Giants dealt their best starting pitcher, John Burkett, to Texas for two minor leaguers—all because those three stars were due to become free agents and would demand hefty new contracts that few teams could afford to pay.
- White Sox designated hitter Julio Franco, coming off his best year (.319, 20 homers, 98 RBIs) in 13 seasons, signed a contract worth \$3.5 million to play in Japan in 1995 because he wasn't sure major leaguers would be playing next spring.
- The Seattle Mariners knowingly overpaid (three years, \$15.5 million) outfielder Jay Buhner (.279, 21 homers, 68 RBIs) to pacify their fans, the local media and

**The tumult (clockwise from left) made Buhner rich, kept Selig and Fehr at odds, put Ripken's streak at risk, set Avery free and sent Franco packing.**





## Baseball Turmoil

their superstar, Ken Griffey Jr., who said he would ask to be traded or eventually leave as a free agent if his outfield mate was not re-signed (*box, page 63*).

• In their blockbuster deal with the Padres, the Astros traded six players, three of them starters, in order to knock approximately \$5 million off their payroll (*box below*). A month earlier they also traded starter Pete Harnisch to the New York Mets for two minor league pitchers, thus saving another \$3 million.

All this while the industry was effectively shut down by a strike.

"Everything we do seems to tarnish the game," says Montreal Expo general manager Kevin Malone. "We keep doing everything we say we can't afford to do." The Buhner signing by the Mariners, whose small-market ownership has cried poverty for years, was "ludicrous," according to one National League general manager, who, like most baseball executives these days, prefers anonymity when speaking frankly on the troubled state of the game. An American League executive agreed, saying, "Who ever bought a ticket to see Jay Buhner play? Nobody." The Astro-Padre trade, which sent infielders Ricky Gutierrez and Craig Shipley, outfielders Derek Bell and Phil Plantier, and pitchers Doug Brocail and Pedro Martinez to Houston for infielders Ken Caminiti, Andujar Cedeno and Roberto Petagine, outfielder Steve Finley, pitcher Brian Williams and a minor leaguer to be named or \$50,000, was greeted this way by one agent: "Who cares? None of them is going to play until '96 anyway."

It is the most chaotic period in major league history. "I don't believe anyone thought this could deteriorate to the point that it has," says the Baltimore Orioles' Peter Angelos, the one owner who has been bold enough to take a public stand against his colleagues' veiled attempt to break the union. One general manager says he is so disgusted by the events of the last five

months that he's thinking of getting out of baseball and becoming a basketball scout. The owners and players have reached a state of gridlock that perhaps can be broken only by Congress, a body that creates more than its own share of gridlock. There are so many questions crying out for answers, but representatives of both the owners and the players have so few to offer. "I'm out of predictions," says Atlanta Brave president Stan Kasten. "When you're 0-fer on predictions, you stop."

Here are some of those questions:

**Are the owners serious about using replacement players?**

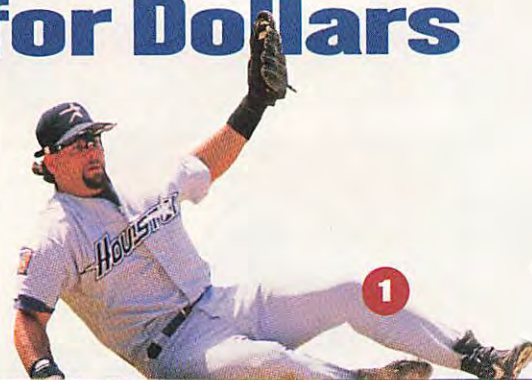
Absolutely. Yet most general managers don't like the idea and have done little

planning for it. "A few minutes at lunch" is how much thought Randy Smith has given it. Can you blame him? Most replacement players would be nonunion, low-level minor leaguers, journeymen Triple A players who have no future as major leaguers, or former big leaguers whose careers seemed to be over. Former pitcher Doug Sisk, 37, who had major surgery on both knees in 1989 and hasn't pitched in the majors since '91, says he wants to play. "It will be a travesty, it stinks, I hate it," says one National League G.M. of the replacement-player scenario. "I'm not sure if we'll have enough bodies for a team."

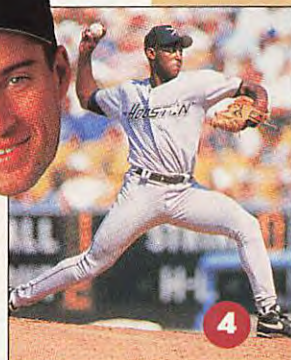
Teams won't subject their best prospects to the pressures and repercussions

## Dealing for Dollars

*The Houston Astros and the San Diego Padres announced a 12-player trade on Dec. 28, and here's the bottom line: Houston reduced its payroll by approximately \$5 million. (The money below represents what each player would have earned in base salary in 1994 had the season been played to its conclusion.)*



## Astros give up



1. Ken Caminiti, 3B.....	\$3,000,000
2. Steve Finley, OF .....	2,850,000
3. Andujar Cedeno, SS .....	340,000
4. Brian Williams, P.....	190,000
5. Roberto Petagine, 1B ...	109,000
6. Minor leaguer or cash ...	50,000
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$6,539,000</b>



**NOTE:** The major league minimum base salary in 1994 was \$109,000; Petagine, who spent only part of the season with the Astros, actually made less than that last year. Also, the Padres will receive a minor league player to be named by April 30 or a cash payment of \$50,000.

that crossing a picket line would invite. Yet some young players who think they have a major league future might be asked to cross the line. "If I was in that position, I'd shoot myself," says one agent. "I'll advise my guys that it's better to never play in the big leagues than to play a little under these conditions."

#### What will the quality of play be like with replacement players?

Awful. Baseball is arguably the hardest game to play, and to play it well usually requires years of tutoring in the minor leagues. "Hey, I could have played in the big leagues when I was in Double A," says free-agent outfielder Andy Van Slyke, who was not re-signed by the Pittsburgh Pirates. "But I would have looked like a Double A player in the major leagues."

Replacement-player games could also feature replacement umpires, the owners having decided to lock out umpires until negotiations for their new contract are completed. "Maybe we'll have replacement concessionaires and replacement bases—just draw them in the infield dirt—and replacement paychecks," says Van Slyke. One American League executive even believes a couple of managers who are former players will choose not to cross a picket line. If so, then

some teams will have to find replacement managers.

#### What will happen if the Toronto Blue Jays and Orioles don't field teams?

What a joke that would be, playing the American League schedule without one or two of its teams—but it could happen. The law in Ontario, which applies in the Blue Jays' case, is strict: No worker can replace one who's on strike. And the Blue Jays have said they won't challenge that law. Toronto president Paul Beeston has also said his club, still baseball's reigning champion by virtue of its 1993 World Series victory, won't play home games in Buffalo, Syracuse or anywhere else, nor will it play all its games on the road.

Angelos, who made most of his fortune as an attorney representing trade unions, says the Orioles will not field a scab team. "This is a *major league* franchise—that doesn't mean Triple A or Double A or rookie ball," he says. "To expect major league fans to accept less than major league baseball is unrealistic and, I believe, will ultimately prove to be foolhardy. These are the best players in the world. There are no replacements. That's a hallucination."

What's more, if Baltimore

without shortstop Cal Ripken Jr., his streak of 2,009 consecutive games would end just 122 short of breaking Lou Gehrig's record. Ripken says he has no intention of crossing a picket line, and Angelos wants no part of a plan that would jeopardize the streak.

Under terms of the American League constitution, the league supposedly can force the Orioles to play. "And how is it going to do that?" Angelos asks defiantly.

#### Will union players cross the line?

Some will, but Major League Baseball Players Association boss Don Fehr says, "Anyone who thinks there will be an appreciable number is wrong." The owners are counting on many players' breaking rank, but Kansas City Royal reliever Jeff Montgomery doubts that will happen, saying, "What has been forced on us is not right. That strengthens our resolve."

Astro pitcher Greg Swindell, who makes \$4 million a year, is the rare exception who has indicated publicly that he may be wavering. "I have very few friends in baseball right now that I'm close and personal with anyway," he told KRIV-TV in Houston. "I've got house payments, I've got ex-wife payments, I've got a five-year-old, a three-year-old and a seven-week-old. So it's a tough decision." Two club sources predict that half of the Pittsburgh Pirates, a very young team with relatively low salaries, will report. It's unlikely, however, that very

many veterans from around the majors will cross, especially during spring training. The first paycheck isn't due until April 15.

Any major leaguers who do report and any others who serve as replacements will have to answer to their peers after a settlement is reached. At the very least, scabs figure to be ostracized by poststrike teammates, with whom they spend nearly eight months a year. Any player, especially a marginal major leaguer, will find it difficult to stay in the game when he is an outcast on his own team.



10

## Padres give up

7. Phil Plantier, OF .....	\$500,000
8. Derek Bell, OF .....	385,000
9. Craig Shipley, INF .....	275,000
10. Ricky Gutierrez, SS .....	187,500
11. Doug Brocail, P .....	150,000
12. Pedro Martinez, P .....	135,000
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$1,632,500</b>



7



8



12

## Baseball Turmoil

**Will ticket prices be reduced for replacement-player games?**

They had better be. The fans have already taken a terrific beating from the game, and even the owners admit that charging major league prices for a minor league product would be idiotic. Acting commissioner Bud Selig, who owns the Milwaukee Brewers, is among the owners who have said they will slash prices, and the rest of the clubs are sure to do so. While they're at it, owners should consider cutting the prices of concessions and parking.

**How has the strike affected the marketing of major league baseball?**

Ken Schanzer, president and CEO of The

Baseball Network, which is in its second year as the game's national television marketing arm, says that advertisers are as confused and anxious about the status of the '95 season as anyone else. Some advertisers (such as True Value Hardware) who were scheduled to join TBN this year have already taken their business elsewhere. Schanzer's group has been in constant touch with the remaining sponsors. "You can't ask me to apply precision when the people in the game can't apply precision," he says. "The complexity of this thing is overwhelming."

**What happens if, say, the Cleveland Indians' replacement players go 5-22 the first month, then the strike is settled. Will those games count, as the NFL scab**

**games did after a players' strike was called in 1987?**

Probably, although it's wise to remember what happened to the New York Giants, the defending Super Bowl champions in '87. The Giant front office put together a horrid replacement team that went 0-3, and the regular players never recovered.

One way to soften the effect of scab games on the standings would be to break the season into two parts: replacement games and regular games, with playoff representatives from both.

**Are owners flooding the market with free agents in an attempt to lower salaries?**

It's as if a dam has burst. Even before the owners' salary-cap implementation, high-salaried and low-production veterans were being released and waived in record numbers. The implementation plan, which created a new category of restricted free agents affecting players with four to six years' service, set 63 more players loose. The flooding of the market hurts players such as Bob Tewksbury, late of the St. Louis Cardinals, and former Ranger Kevin Brown, who were the top pitchers available among the free agents under the old collective bargaining agreement.

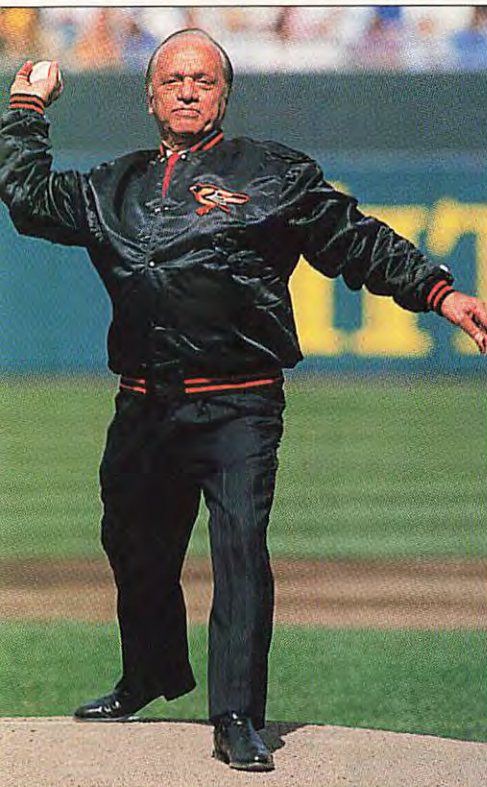
Now, thanks to the owners' new unilateral scheme, the following pitchers are also free agents: Kevin Appier of the Kansas City Royals, Steve Avery of the Atlanta Braves, Andy Benes of the Padres, Alex Fernandez of the White Sox, Ken Hill of the Expos and Ben McDonald of the Orioles. Granted, because they're only restricted free agents, their current teams have 10 days to match any other team's offer, but Tewksbury now faces much greater competition in the marketplace, and his price will certainly drop, as will those of many other players. "There are going to be quality players out there at reasonable prices," says Malone.

A particular challenge for Malone is that three of the new restricted free agents—Hill, centerfielder Marquis Grissom and reliever John Wetteland—as well as rightfielder Larry Walker, a free agent under the old system, are Expos, and he will have difficulty signing them even at reasonable prices. Although they had the best record in baseball when the strike started on Aug. 12, the Expos, according to Malone, lost \$15 million (U.S.) in 1994.

**Can this dispute be solved at the bargaining table?**

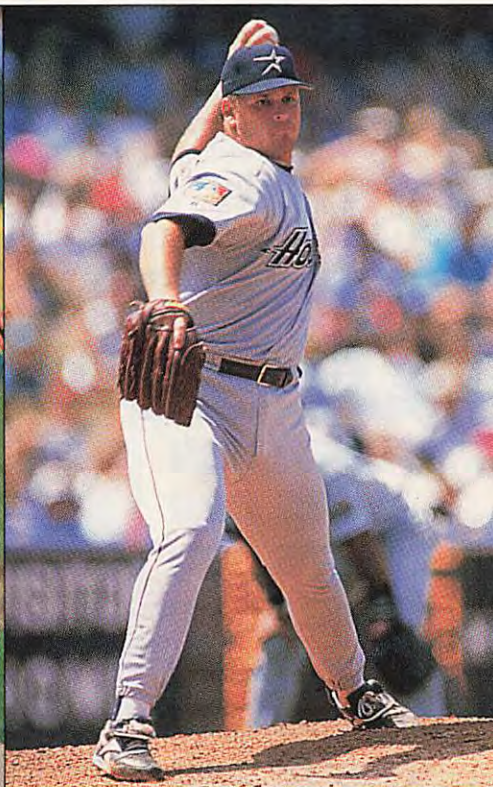
It will take a miracle. Some owners say that Fehr doesn't listen to them, refuses

# Throwing Curves



**"To expect major league fans to accept less than major league baseball is unrealistic and, I believe, will ultimately prove to be foolhardy. These are the best players in the world. There are no replacements. That's a hallucination."**

**—Oriole owner Peter Angelos, on why he will not field a replacement team**



**"I have very few friends in baseball right now that I'm close and personal with anyway.... I've got house payments, I've got ex-wife payments, I've got a five-year-old, a three-year-old and a seven-week-old. So it's a tough decision."**

**—Astro pitcher Greg Swindell, on why he might cross the players' picket line if the strike continues into next season**

JERRY WACHTER (LEFT); KIRK SCHLEA

# The Misfit

*Eyebrows were raised throughout baseball on Dec. 21 when the Seattle Mariners gave free-agent outfielder Jay Buhner a three-year, \$15.5 million contract to re-sign with them. In eight years as a major leaguer, Buhner (19, at right) has not batted .280 or hit 30 home runs or driven in 100 runs in a season.*

*Here is a sampling of some of the other players who are making about the same money as Buhner. (Salary figures are the annual average over the life of the contract.)*



DAVID LAM KYLE

Player, Team	Avg. Salary	Accomplishment
John Olerud, Blue Jays.....	\$5,666,667	AL batting champ (.363) in '93
Gary Sheffield, Marlins .....	5,612,500	Threat to win Triple Crown
Greg Maddux, Braves .....	5,600,000	Three straight Cy Youngs
Jose Rijo, Reds .....	5,500,000	2.63 ERA since joining Reds in '88
Roger Clemens, Red Sox .....	5,380,250	Three-time Cy Young winner
Jay Buhner, Mariners.....	5,166,667	Close friend of Ken Griffey Jr.
Tom Glavine, Braves.....	5,125,000	Three straight 20-win seasons (1991-93)
Barry Larkin, Reds.....	5,120,000	Prototypical major league shortstop
Bret Saberhagen, Mets .....	5,112,333	Two-time Cy Young winner
Randy Johnson, Mariners .....	5,062,500	Three-time AL strikeout king
Gregg Jefferies, Phillies .....	5,000,000	Hit .342 and .325 last two seasons

to negotiate and, instead of dealing with the issues, delivers sermons on the history of baseball labor relations. "I'll tell you in two words what's holding up this dispute: Don Fehr," says a source close to management. "The problem with Don is that he doesn't have a 'yes' gene." Fehr says that it's the owners who have refused to negotiate and that they have been intent for more than a year on imposing their salary cap and breaking the union. Since negotiations broke off and the salary cap was implemented, each side has filed a complaint with the NLRB accusing the other of failing to bargain in good faith. A ruling from the NLRB is not due until February at the earliest. Until then meaningful negotiations appear unlikely.

## Will baseball's antitrust exemption be repealed by Congress?

It's a real possibility, now that the owners have imposed a salary cap and another season is in jeopardy. Here's a chance for

Congress to act as savior, and if House leadership takes up the cause, repeal might get done before the end of January.

Both Utah Republican Orrin Hatch, who's about to take over as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and powerful New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan support repeal of the antitrust exemption, and with such bipartisan support, a bill repealing exemption should sail through the Senate. In the House, however, new Speaker Newt Gingrich and Henry Hyde, the Illinois Republican who will be chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, are looking for bigger fish to fry—President Clinton, for example—and prospects for repeal in that body are less clear.

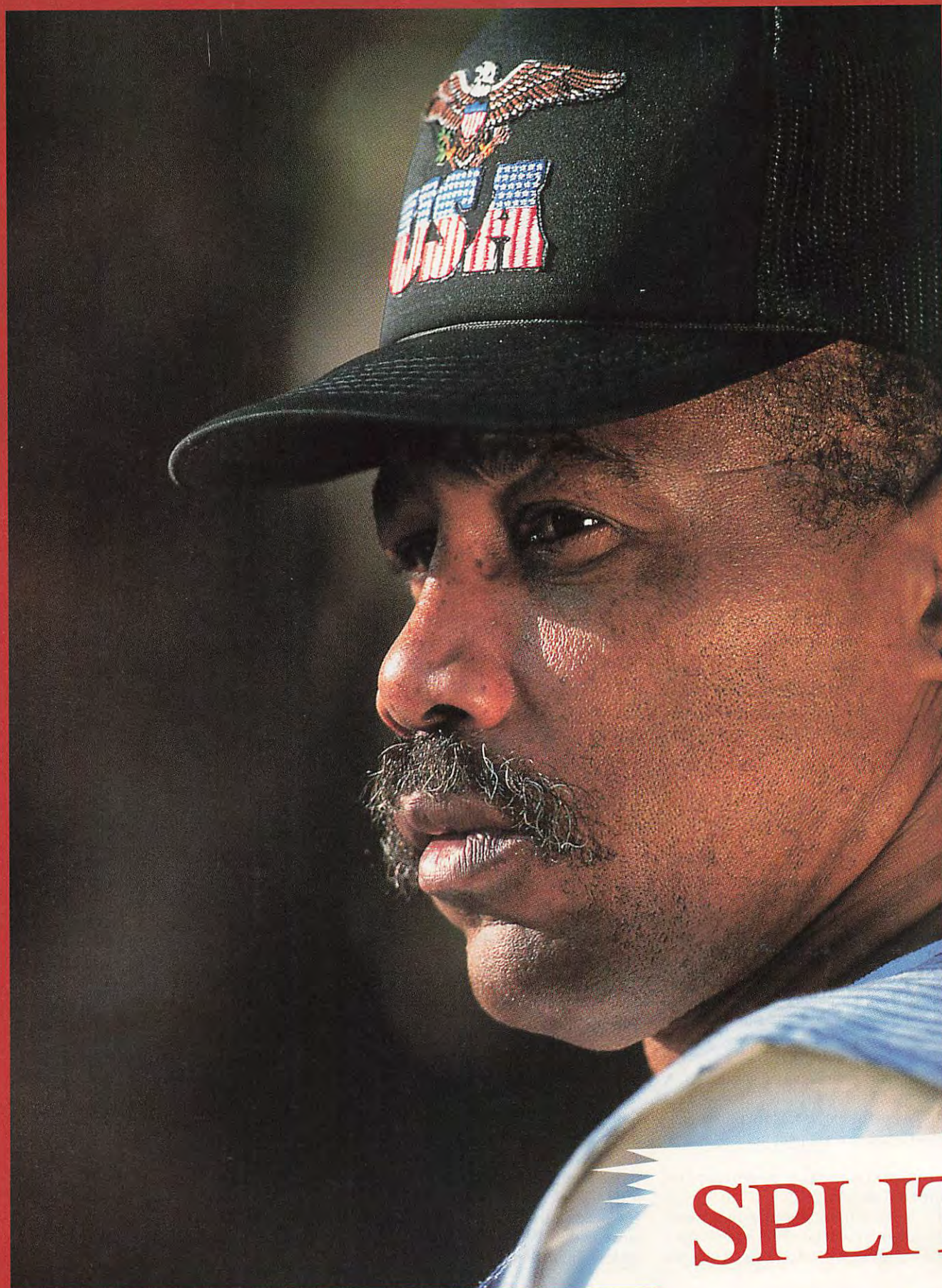
## If the antitrust exemption is repealed, will the players go back to work?

Not necessarily. If the exemption were removed, the players would immediately seek an injunction in federal court against

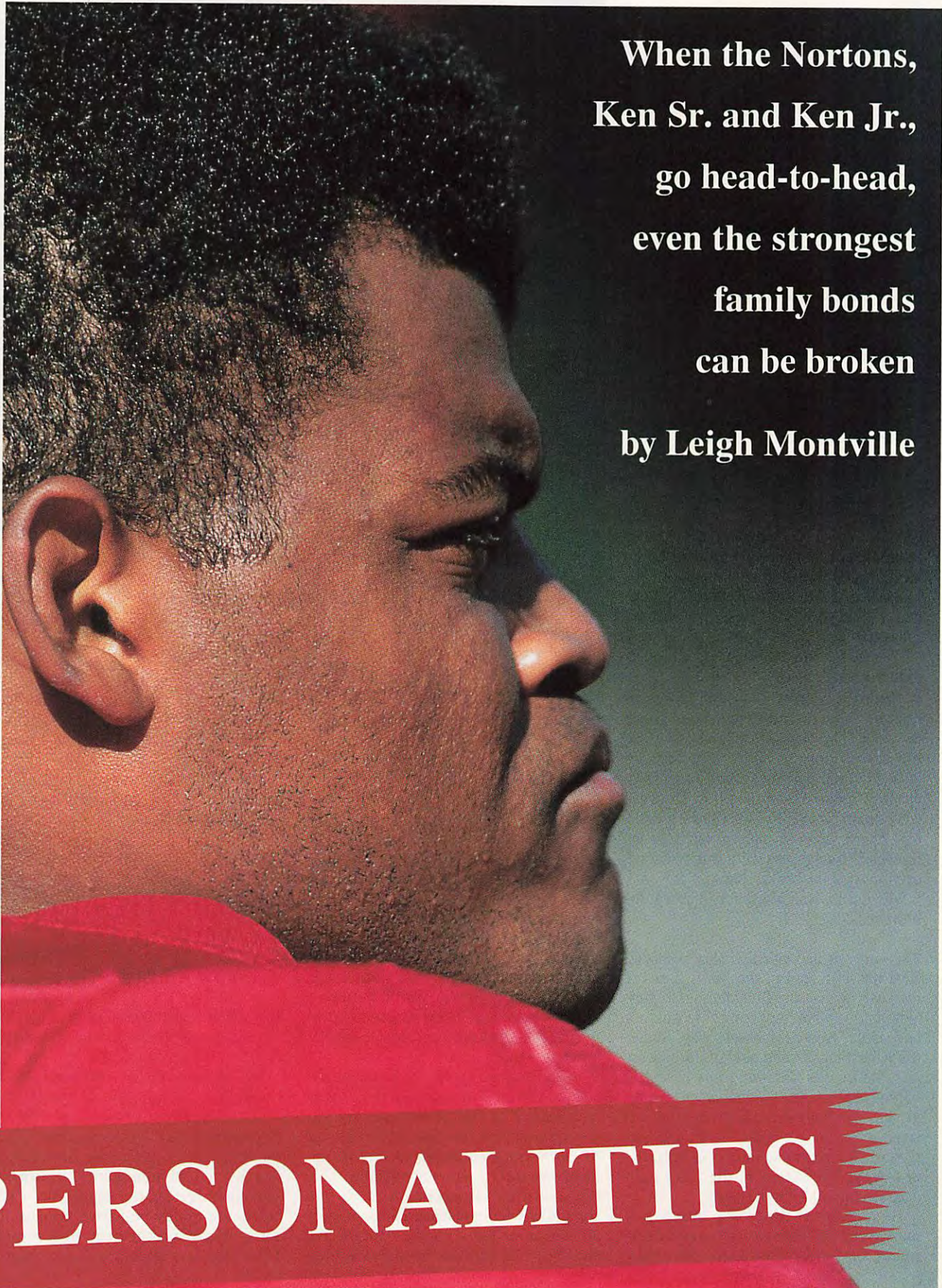
the owners' implementation of the salary cap. Then they would file an antitrust suit seeking treble damages dating to the start of the strike. The cases could be tied up in court for years, and the players have no intention of returning to work if it means giving up their right to strike, a demand the owners might make before allowing them to play. Still, the players say, repeal of the exemption alone might cause the owners to back away from their demand for a salary cap and thus increase the likelihood of a negotiated settlement.

"I've always been anti-involvement of government in our lives, but I couldn't think of a more appropriate time for the government to step in than now," says Van Slyke. "Then it would be over, we'd all be back in spring training. We have replacement senators and congressmen now, right? Well, it's time for them to do the right thing."

That goes for everybody in baseball, too.



**SPLIT**



**When the Nortons,  
Ken Sr. and Ken Jr.,  
go head-to-head,  
even the strongest  
family bonds  
can be broken**

**by Leigh Montville**

# **PERSONALITIES**

THE FATHER was in intensive care at Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. This was eight years ago. The accident on the Vermont Avenue on-ramp of the Santa Monica Freeway had just about killed him. The Jaws of Life had been used to pull him from the wreckage of his expensive sports car. Doctors had operated on him for three hours, removing pieces of skull that had been pushed into his brain. More operations would follow.

"He's resting," the doctors reported to his wife, Jackie.

"Who's with him?" she replied.

"He's strapped to the bed," the doctors said. "There's a nurse down the hall. Checks him all the time."

"There should be someone with him," she said.

"No, no. He's fine."

"You don't know him."

The father awoke. Where was he? He is not sure now what thought processes were taking place. Maybe none. Maybe he was just working on instinct. All that is certain is that he wanted to go home. He was held down by straps. An assortment of IV tubes and electric monitors was attached to his body. What was all this? He wanted to leave. He started rocking the bed, rocking and rocking until somehow the bed was flipped straight up and he was standing, standing with the bed strapped to his back. He was going home.

"I started walking," he says. "I was all right for three or four steps. Then I got to the door. The bed was too tall. It hit the top of the doorway, and I went crashing back, the bed and me, everything. They came in, found me on the floor. That was when they discovered I also had a broken leg. There were so many other injuries they had to take care of that they hadn't even spotted the broken leg."

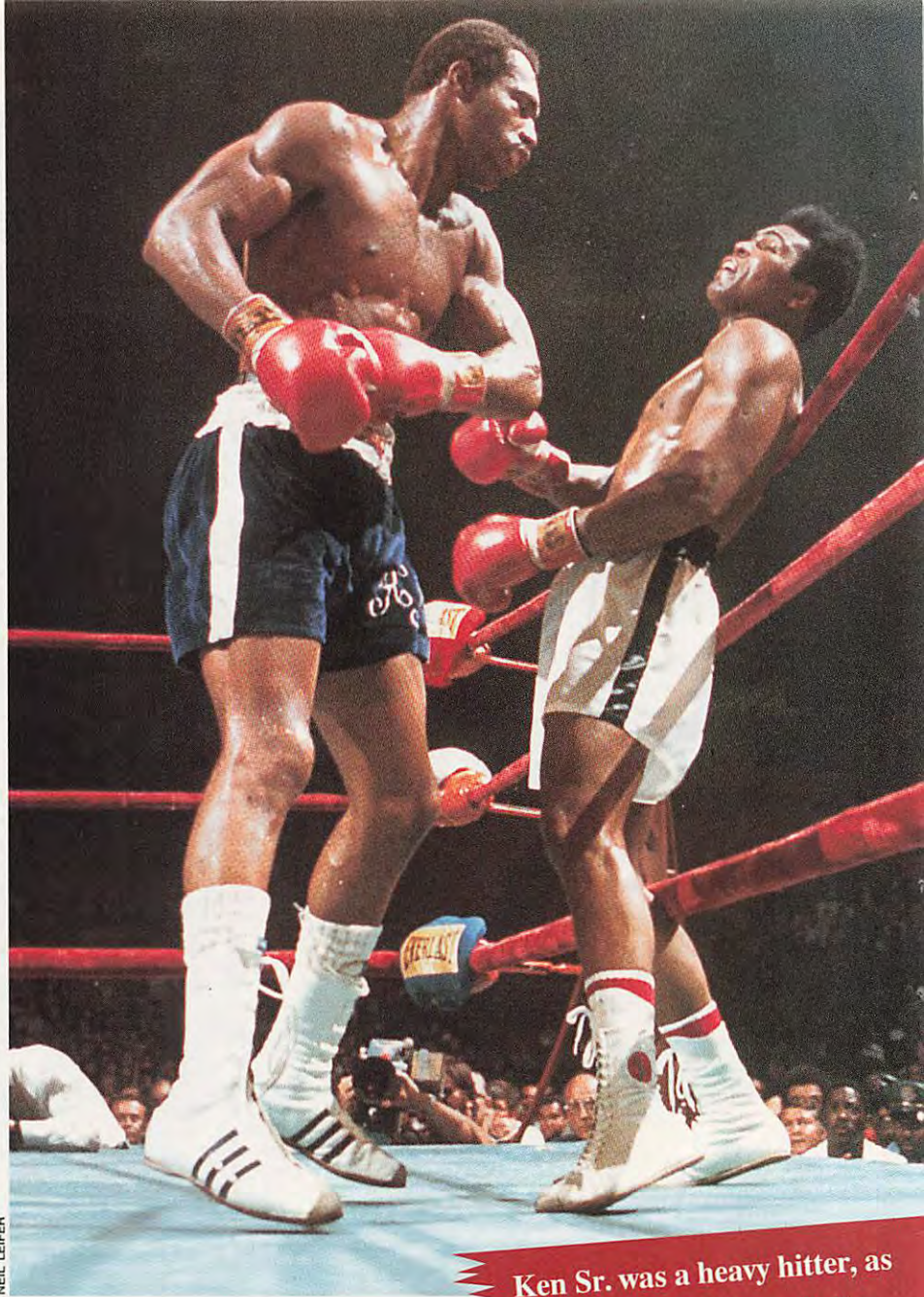
The father, Ken Norton, can be a stubborn man.

The son reached out to make a tackle. This was last season, the ninth game of the year, against the Philadelphia Eagles. Who knows what happened? He was at a bad angle, twisted a wrong way. Something like that. He had hold of the ballcarrier, but he was violating some basic law of physics: Instead of falling down or staggering, the ballcarrier kept moving; instead of letting go, dropping an impossible task, the son hung on to the ballcarrier's body. The biceps in the son's right arm was ripped from the bone.

He remembers the feeling mostly as a muscle cramp. There wasn't any cartoon sound, any sudden stab of incredible pain.

A cramp. He went back to the bench, and the Dallas Cowboys' doctor explained what had happened. The muscle had ripped away and bunched into a knot high in his arm. The doctor said it was like a window shade that had rolled up in a hurry. The son had the arm taped and finished the game.

"You have two choices," the doctor explained later. "You can have the surgery right away. The muscle will be as good as it's ever been, but you'll be out for the season. Or you can wait until the season's finished. We can't guarantee anything then. If you wait for the operation . . . do you know how, when you leave a piece of meat on a counter for a couple of days, the meat becomes hard and brittle on the out-



NEIL LEIFER

**Ken Sr. was a heavy hitter, as Ali found out in three fights with the ex-Marine.**

side? That's what will happen to the end of your muscle. It will be much tougher to reattach. It's your choice."

The son thought for a day and said he would play. He felt that the mental pain of not playing would be worse than the physical pain he might experience. There was nothing he could do for the injury, no therapy, no pharmaceutical treatment. The initial feeling, the cramp, never left. Sundays were the best days, because the adrenaline, the excitement, took control. The other days were worse. The injured

area became swollen. He could not do the easiest things around the house. He could not carry his eight-year-old stepdaughter to bed. The muscle was still a knot at the top of his right arm.

He played the entire season. He couldn't intercept a pass. He couldn't lift his arm higher than his shoulder. Curiously, he played as well as he ever had. The injury forced him back to the basics of football, moving his feet, getting into position to make a tackle, lowering his head and making sure he put his entire shoulder on the ballcarrier. The Cowboys won the Super Bowl. He went from that game to Hawaii, where he played in his first Pro Bowl.

"I could have had the operation after the Super Bowl, but I wanted to go to the Pro Bowl," he says. "That had been a goal of mine for a long time."

He had the operation in February, after the Pro Bowl. The son, Ken Norton Jr., also can be a stubborn man.

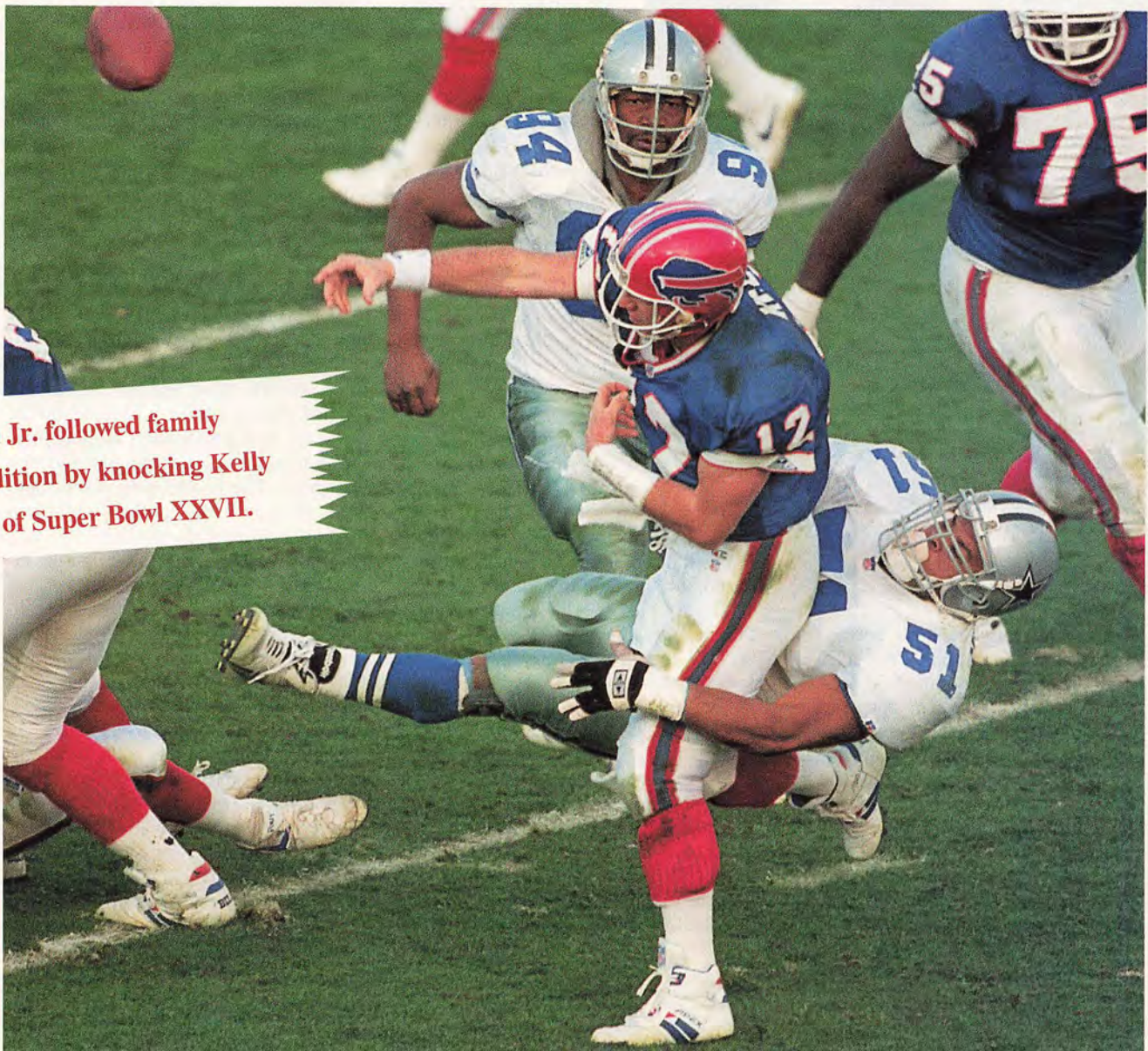
*The story should be so easy. The son of a former heavyweight champion of the world is an All-Pro linebacker, now playing with the San Francisco 49ers, in the first year of a six-year, \$9.6 million contract. There have not been many father-son combinations like this in American sports, two athletes so successful in two different games. There should be pictures of the two of them on the covers of magazines, face next to face—two versions of the same smiling face, 20 years or so apart. There should be endorsements. Same name. Same face. Same success. There should be . . . joy.*

The father raised the son by himself. That was what was so different. He wasn't some absentee dad, some visitor for weekend walks in the park or trips to Disneyland or Knott's Berry Farm. When his first marriage broke up in 1967 and his son was only 14 months old, the father took custody. He was the single parent in the single-parent household. They were

voyagers on the same trip, the father and the son. Nobody else.

"I raised him from when he was wearing diapers," the father says. "I changed those diapers. There weren't any Pampers around, any of that. I washed the diapers. I stuck my hands in the poop. No man I knew was doing what I was doing. Not one. People couldn't believe it. I was a pretty good-looking guy, but I'd meet women, and when they found out I had a son? Forget it."

The heavyweight championship was still only a faraway glimmer. The father came late to boxing, was 22 years old, a Marine Corps veteran and the father of a one-year-old before he started his pro career in 1967. He didn't love the sport, didn't even like it very much, but he was 6' 3" and 210 pounds, and he saw boxing as a way to make some money and become famous. To become special. He had been a good athlete as a kid in Jacksonville, Ill., playing all the sports, moving



Y.J. LOVERNO

**Ken Jr. followed family tradition by knocking Kelly out of Super Bowl XXVII.**

along to play some football at Northeast Missouri State before joining the Marines. He never forgot the feeling of being a star, the feeling of being different from the pack. That was what he wanted as much as anything. Not to be ordinary.

His days were long and repetitive. He awoke, did his running and then came home to prepare breakfast for his son. The son went to school, and the father

else was checking them down the line.

"We never really were at poverty level, but we were close to it. We ate a lot of cold hot dogs. I'd bring home a package of hot dogs and open them up, and we'd eat. Hot dogs. Bologna. Boiled eggs. That was our diet."

The break came when he fought Henry Clark on the undercard of the Muhammad Ali-Bob Foster fight in Stateline, Nev., in November 1972. After he knocked out Clark in the ninth round, he was signed to fight Ali, in San Diego on March 31, 1973, for \$50,000. The first thing he did was buy a tract house in a better section of Los Angeles, assuming the mortgage payments of friends who had divorced. He and his son now had a real home. The second thing he did was quit the Ford plant to prepare for Ali.

The fight was supposed to be a walkover on Ali's march back to glory after his 3½-year banishment from boxing. No contest. The father didn't see it that way. He was not intimidated, as so many of Ali's opponents had been. He had sparred with Ali for three days a couple of years earlier in L.A.'s Overstreet Gym. He saw Ali as human. For the first time the father was able to train as a full-time fighter, to go away for three weeks to a camp. By the time he

went into the ring in San Diego, he felt "as if I had a wrench in my back pocket." He hit Ali with the wrench in the first round, a right hand that broke Ali's jaw. The fight went the full 12 rounds. The father was the winner by a split decision.

"Life changed overnight," the father says. "Just as fast as that. I was able to do all the things I hadn't been able to do. I was able to do all the things for my son that I wanted."

The father was 28 years old. The son was seven. The son had cried and cried about leaving the old neighborhood, leaving friends and classmates in elementary school. The father told the son to believe him, the new life would be better. The son now had bikes when everyone else had

bikes, skateboards when everyone else had skateboards, sneakers that were clean and new. The father had the money and celebrity he wanted.

The one thing he lacked—he thinks now—was the desire to be the best; the ruthlessness, the destructiveness that boxing champions bring to the game. Though he had a succession of big fights over the next nine years, including two losses by close decisions to Ali, and though he inherited a vacant title and held it for 10 weeks before losing it to Larry Holmes in 1978, the father always thought of boxing as a sport, a game—basketball or tennis with gloves. And he still did not particularly like it.

"I didn't grow up with it, the way most fighters did," he says. "And I didn't want my son to grow up with it, either. I saw the way it happens: Kids come around the gym, and they become part of it. They can't stay away. I never brought my son with me to the gym. I had him come to camp once or twice for two or three days, but that was it. Then I sent him home."

The father wanted a better life for the son. Isn't that a parental imperative? Doesn't every father want to raise a younger, smarter, more successful version of himself, someone who won't feel the same bruises and bumps along the way? The son never saw the father fight in person. The father wouldn't allow it.

"What happened, a new coach came to my high school for football," the son says. "We had never had good teams, always finishing at the bottom of the league, a lot of times 0-11. The new coach was very enthusiastic. He went around the school looking for kids who should come out for the team, kids who weren't already playing. The name a lot of people told him was mine. The coach came to me and asked if I would play football. I told him he should talk with my father."

Football was another game that the father did not particularly favor. He had played, and he had seen the things coaches do. Why send a kid into all of those collisions when his body had not developed fully? Why play for someone who teaches a kid to plant a helmet square on someone else's numbers, neck injuries be damned? The son was now a junior, though, and almost as big as the father. He had worked out on Nautilus machines at a gym, developing a textbook set of muscles. He already was a very good basketball and baseball player. The father talked with the football coach and liked enough of what he heard. The son be-



PETER READ MILLER

Before the rift Ken Jr. attended UCLA so he could be near his home—and his dad.

went to mind-numbing work on the production line at a Ford plant. The son went to a neighbor's house after school. The father went to the gym for sparring and workouts. He came home at seven o'clock, whipped. Some nights, if he was low on money, he would come home later, hoping that the neighbors had included his son at their dinner table.

"There were some rough times," the father says. He laughs. "I wouldn't have wanted to buy one of those Fords I was making during the day. I hope someone



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came a tailback for Westchester High. The son loved it.

The team still was lousy, winless the son's junior year, but he was a terror. There were all the usual inspirations—the competitiveness of the games, the adolescent emotions flowing like perspiration from every pore—but he also had his name. Ken Norton Jr. Strangers thought he had been raised in some Hollywood hothouse, the pampered child of a pampered star. They had no idea. He remembered the cold hot dogs and the worn sneakers, facts of life. He remembered that his father went off to work and came home with bruises all over his face. That was natural. The son grew up as tough as anyone. Understand? He was proud of his father's name and strangled by it at the same time.

"I suppose, overall, it helped," the son says. "I know it kept me out of some fights. There always was one guy, maybe one guy on each level of school, from grammar school to junior high to high school, who started something, but mostly the name kept me away from trouble. I also was pretty big, and athletics came easy. Sports were pleasant. It's pleasant to be picked first all the time."

The Westchester record jumped to 4-4-1 in his senior year, and the college coaches came in greedy waves. He chose the ride offered by UCLA, the local school, over the one offered by USC, the other local school. He wanted to be close to home. In his mind, he was going to be a great Bruin tailback. In the coaches' minds, he was going to be a great line-backer. He had the coaches talk with his father. They explained that they thought his son was the best athlete on the team and could fill an immediate need at line-backer. The father agreed. The son agreed. He was a letter-winner as a freshman.

The family had expanded over the years, because the father had married Jackie Norwood, and she had given birth to a girl and then a boy, and she already had a son from a previous marriage, so there always was a crowd at UCLA games. The father wore a cowboy hat, and the son could see it from the field at the Rose Bowl. The father went to every home game.

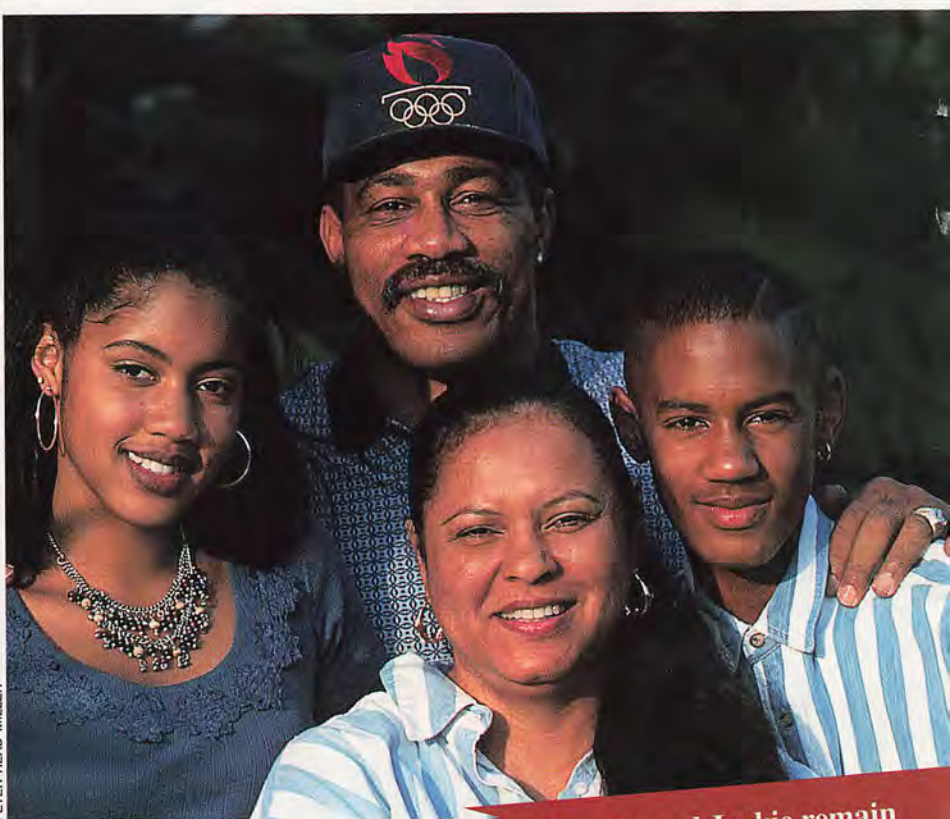
"You're reliving your boyhood through your son," Jackie told the father.

"Yes?" he replied. "So, what are you trying to say?"

The accident on Feb. 23, 1986, the winter of the son's sophomore year, was an unwelcome break in a run of happiness

and success. The father still does not know what happened. He was going home from a fund-raiser for Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley, and something obviously went wrong on that Vermont Avenue on-ramp. The accident changed the father's life faster than the win over Muhammad Ali had. He went from a robust, athletic, handsome man, an actor in B movies and on television, to a survivor who was partly paralyzed on his right side and couldn't talk. His face was a mess. His memory was knocked out of commission. He spent a month in the hospital after he was returned to his bed that first weekend, and he embarked on a long recovery that still isn't finished.

"I remember sitting at home and staring at a chair," the father says. "I'd say, 'Chair,' to myself, making it my goal to someday be able to get up and walk to the chair. I couldn't tell anyone else about it, because I couldn't speak. I'd just say it to myself. 'Chair.' They said first that I wouldn't live and then that I wouldn't walk or talk. I was just determined. I had that athletic training, getting off the canvas. I drew strength from the head, from the heart, from God. I wound up doing all the things they said I wouldn't do. One of the doctors was so amazed that he wanted to take me with him around the country when he gave lectures. An exhibit or

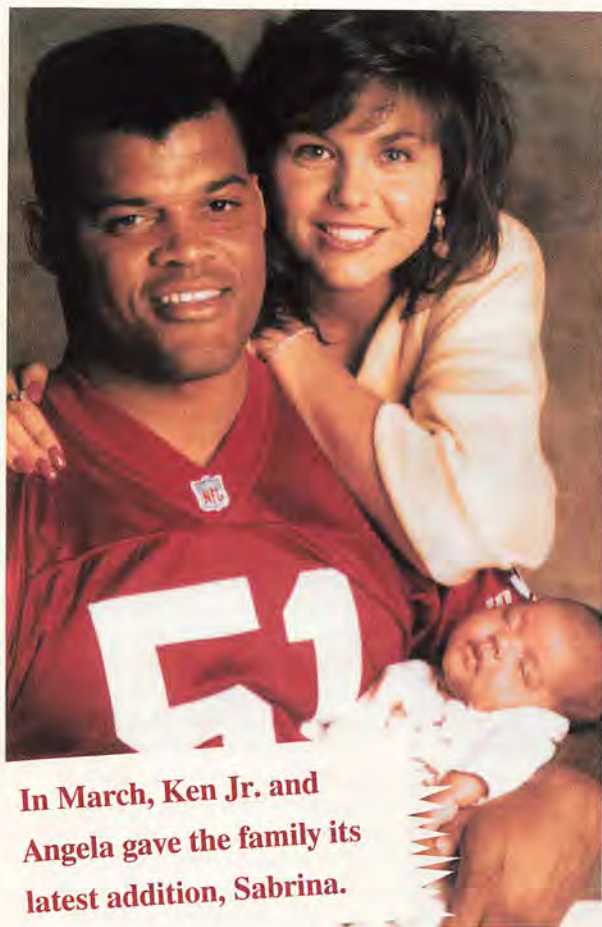


**Ken Sr. and Jackie remain close to their other kids, Kenisha and KeneJon.**

something. But I didn't want to be any exhibit."

He went back, of course, to the son's games. He remembers one early game—remembers it just now, this minute—when he was being helped down a corridor and Keith Jackson, the ABC commentator, came toward him. Jackson stopped and started talking about the son, about what a fine young man the son was and what a good player. The father remembers trying to reply. He had never met Jackson but had always liked his work. The father remembers all the words gathering in his head, all the things he wanted to say. He remembers that the words just wouldn't come out of his mouth.

The son was a help during all of this. He did many of the things for the father that the father had done for him so long ago. He bathed him. He helped him from one room to another. He pushed him for long walks in a wheelchair. He also kept playing football. The father would be bundled for the games, sit for as long as he could in the sun and then retire to the parking lot,



COURTESY OF KEN NORTON SR.

**In March, Ken Jr. and Angela gave the family its latest addition, Sabrina.**

where he would listen to the games on the car radio in the shade. The son played so well that he was drafted high in the second round (the 41st pick overall) by the Dallas Cowboys.

"I don't want to talk about that," the son says when asked about the days after the crash. "It's all been written. It's all been done before."

The 49er publicity department informs interviewers that the son doesn't want to talk about the father. The subject is out-of-bounds.

*So easy. The father is an inspiration for the son. The son is an inspiration for the father. The story should not be written once, it should be rewritten as many times as possible, kept in libraries for fathers and sons to read and read again in as many forms as possible. Triumph over adversity. All of that good stuff. Bands should play, and the father should be shown walking and talking as well as he now does, and the son should be shown nailing some poor soul with a straight-on hit. That's how it should be. So easy.*

The father cried in front of a television camera. He did not think he would do this, but he did. The split, the rift, the—what's the proper word? *Disagreement?*—between the father and the son became public before the Super Bowl in 1992. The son mentioned the problem at one of the press conferences by the Cowboy players, and the scurrying began. Was it true that the father was not going to the game, even though it was being held at the Rose Bowl, less than a two-hour drive from his home in Laguna Niguel? How could this be? The cameras arrived at the father's house.

The father was all right at the start, talking to a reporter from a local station, but the more he talked about his son, the sadder he became, and the tears started to come. He is not sure how long he cried, but when he stopped, he looked up and the camera was still rolling.

"Let me say this," the former heavyweight champion of the world said to the reporter as he regained his composure. "If any of this crying gets on TV, I'm going to be very, very angry. Do you understand me? Very, very angry."

"More people called me about that interview," he says now. "They said they saw me talking, and then my face started to get real solemn, and then the interview ended in the middle. 'What happened?' they wanted to know. 'You were cut off in midsentence.' The guy was true to his word. He didn't show me crying."

The split, the rift, the *disagreement*, had happened long before this. Almost a year. The son had wanted to get married. The father wanted caution. Again, is that the proper word? *Caution?* The father says he was not worried so much about the son's choice of a wife but about the idea of marriage. The son was making a lot of money. The son was a celebrity. The father wanted some assurances that the son wasn't making too hasty a decision in getting married. The son was in love. He wasn't worried about any of that.

Thrown into the mix was the fact that Angela Fike, the prospective wife, was white and divorced and had a young

daughter. Something happened in the arguments between the father and the son. Battle lines were drawn. The father has read reports that the son thought the father was angry because Angela was white. Both the father and son deny that. They say her skin color didn't matter at all. The father was just trying to make sure that everything came out right.

"There was a lack of communication," he says. "That's what it was. I could never communicate what I wanted, and he could never communicate back to me. We could never get each other to understand what we were saying."

Whatever happened, the break was made. The son was married. The father was not invited to the wedding. The silence began. The two men who had talked daily, who had been the only people in the room for all those years, now did not talk at all. The father was devastated. He didn't go to the Cowboy games during the season, didn't go to the Super Bowl in Pasadena. He watched the game on television. He says he was "a basket case for about a year."

Then he decided: If his son was going to be hard, then he also would be hard. "I had to think about my other children," he says. "I could not let them see that the way to control me was to shut me out. I had to raise them right. I still loved my son—I always will—but once I made my decision, everything was easier. I was all right again. It became easier and easier."

He talks a lot about his other children now. The oldest, Brandon, the stepson, is in L.A., 24 years old, "trying to figure himself out," the father says. The youngest, KeneJon, is only 13 years old but already stands 5' 11". Indications are that he will be the biggest, most athletic Norton of all. The father would like a baseball career for him. Wouldn't that be something, a pro baseball player added to the line? Already, though, there are arguments about football. The son wants to play. The father wants him to hold back.

The daughter, Kenisha, is 18 years old, going to junior college and living at home. "She graduated from high school in June," he says. "Went to the prom. I was real worried about that, the things that happen at the prom. The boy who came to pick her up, a nice boy, I decided to have a talk with him. Just the two of us. I decided to talk on his level, not as an adult talking to a kid, but man-to-man. We talked a little bit, and I looked him straight in the face and said, 'Now, look, I want you to understand one thing. If you touch my daughter, I'm going to kick your butt.'



**The distance between the Nortons has kept the father from sharing in the son's glory.**

You might not like this idea, and you might tell your father about it, and if he has a problem, you tell him to see me, and I'll kick his butt too. Same goes for your grandfather. You touch her, and I'll kick all of your butts. Understand?"

Some of the effects of the accident still remain—the father still does not move well on his feet, his equilibrium still off, and he sometimes slurs his words a bit if he does not concentrate—but he is still a huge man. His arms are huge. His hands are huge, with fat rings on four of his huge fingers. His face has been reworked in the broader strokes of middle age, with deep character lines that show the effects of a life lived hard.

"So I stayed up, waiting, the night of the prom," the father says. "The dance was supposed to be over at half past 12. Twelve-twenty, the doorbell rings. 'We're home, Mr. Norton.'"

Crazy as it sounds, he had another automobile accident five months ago. An older woman in a car piled into him at an intersection, sending the pickup he was driving into a spin. Luckily a chain-link

fence kept him from plowing into a tree. His head was cut and his spine was twisted when he hit the fence, but he survived this crash, too.

"I've received some mail about all of this," the son says. "The letters have been very nice. Thoughtful. A lot of the people tell me about the problems they have had with their own parents, about the way the problems have been resolved. I guess the



PETER READ MILLER (FAIR LEFT); MICHAEL ZAGARIS

common thread is, you only have one set of parents in this world, and you don't want to lose them, you don't want to wait until it's too late. I understand what they're saying. I appreciate that."

He is articulate and pleasant. His face, his frame, are the father's face and frame drawn in caricature, all the muscles and the predominant chin extended even farther. He says the muscle in his right arm hasn't come back to form, although the strength and flexibility have, but when he flexes the muscle, it is the size of a softball. The one on his other arm is the size of a cantaloupe.

He, too, talks about the situations of

everyday domestic life. When he chose to move from Dallas to San Francisco for the big contract, everyone was uprooted. His stepdaughter, Brittney, is eight years old, virtually the same age he was when he and his father moved from the old neighborhood into their new house. She had the same concerns, leaving one school and going to another. He understood. The wife is from Dallas, and she was leaving her relatives and friends. California?

He rented a house in the foothills outside Santa Clara, where the 49ers train, but when the wife and the stepdaughter became homesick for Texas and wanted to move back, he said that was fine. He is the traveling businessman now, away for an extended trip, getting home whenever possible.

The newest addition to the family is daughter Sabrina. She is nine months old. She is not walking, of course, but she crawls and has found her voice. She is "a holy terror" when she screams, he says. It is his first experience with a baby, checking out each new thing she does, and it is hard being apart from her now. No, his father has not seen her. Angela is also pregnant again. "Having Sabrina was just about the greatest thing I ever did," the son says. "Outside of getting married."

The pressure of having a famous father is long gone. Two Super Bowl rings and a trip to the Pro Bowl and the five-year contract took care of that. The announcers don't even mention the Junior part of his name much anymore. He simply is Ken Norton. His arrival with the Niners was rocky at first—the

defense almost totally rebuilt with new and expensive talent, everyone expecting an immediate return on the investment—but as the season has progressed, he has done all the things he was hired to do, all the things he did in Dallas. Maybe more. There is a very good chance that he will go back to the Super Bowl, this time with the Niners. How good would that be? Three Super Bowls in three years? He could be the best inside linebacker in the NFL.

His favorite football memory so far is his first Super Bowl, three years ago. It was a game that could have been drawn up in his imagination. The Cowboys did everything right. The Buffalo Bills did ev-

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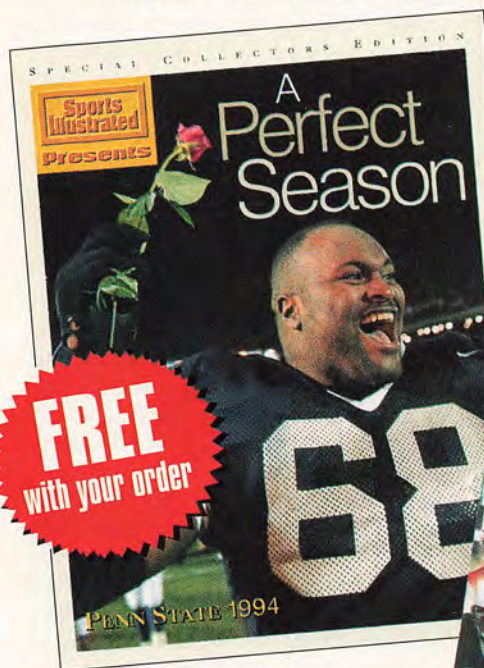
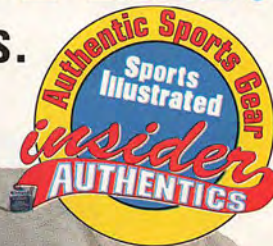


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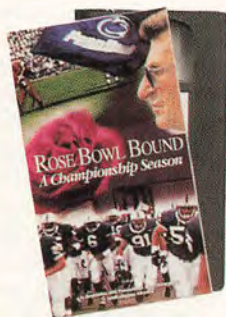


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# NICK AND

30 minutes of hard-hitting sports that will

everything wrong. He did everything right. He had 10 tackles, knocked Buffalo quarterback Jim Kelly out of the game with sprained knee ligaments on a blitz and picked up a fumble and ran nine yards for a touchdown. He seemed to be everywhere. In the second quarter, third-and-goal, he made the best play he has ever made. Buffalo running back Kenneth Davis was headed straight for the end zone. The son headed straight for Kenneth Davis. The rest of the people on the field were stripped away. He lowered and charged and made the tackle he had always dreamed of making. The form was perfect. The result was perfect: Davis dropped short of the goal line. The Cowboys proceeded with their 52-17 rout. "That will always be my dream tackle," the son says. "When I think about the tackle I want to make, that's it."

There is irony here. That was the game at the Rose Bowl. That was the game the father watched on television. That was at the end of the week when the disagreement became public, when everybody found out. That was the week the father cried. That was the best game the son ever played. "I had known what was happening for a long time," the son says in an even voice. "It was new to everyone else, but it wasn't new to me. I wasn't going to let anything spoil that Super Bowl."

*The story still should be so easy. What has to happen? A handshake? A Thanksgiving dinner? Is there any doubt the father loves the son? Is there any doubt the son loves the father? Someone should intervene. Some circumstance should occur. It all should be so easy.*

The first meeting in more than three years took place in September. The setting was not great. The father took Kenisha and KeneJon to the game when the Niners came to Anaheim to play the Los Angeles Rams. He had taken them to the Super Bowl last year in Atlanta, where they sat in the son's seats, but the father sat in seats given to him by NBC. He had wondered why NBC was so kind, but at least three times during the game he looked at the scoreboard monitor and saw his own face. He and his son were subplots in the big game. The entire country saw both of them. They never saw each other.

The Niner-Ram game was different. This time everyone sat in the son's seats. When the game, a 34-19 San Francisco win, was finished, everyone went down to that busy family area where members of the visiting team get on a bus for the air-

port. This was where the meeting took place.

"You're looking good," one man said to the other as they hugged.

"I love you," the other replied.

Who said what? It all was hurried. There was not much time for anything else. The father felt as if everyone were watching, as if both he and his son "had magnets in our pockets that attracted eyeballs. All the eyeballs were on us. Everyone knew what was happening." A little conversation. Another hug. The son went on the bus. The bus went to the airport.

The father says he called a few days later, and his son's wife answered the phone. He says things are fine with her, that she understands what he calls the "lack of communication" that triggered the problem. He says she talked about the things his granddaughter was starting to do and that he was missing. She asked when he was going to see his granddaughter. He says he replied that no one had invited him. He also says he talked for a few minutes with his son, friendly enough words, and that was that. There have been other calls since, a long conversation between the father and the son on Thanksgiving. Jackie had removed a large portrait of Ken Jr. from the wall of the living room in the Laguna Niguel home because the father became too depressed when he saw it, but now the portrait is back. Jackie talks with Angela often on the phone. Who knows what will happen next?

"It all takes time," the father says at one end of California. "I know we're apart, but I know that if anything happened to him, I'd be there in a hundredth of a second. I would hope he'd do the same for me."

"It's like we're standing with our backs to each other, but we're each peeking over our shoulder," the son says at the other end of the state. "We're each watching out for the other one, making sure he's all right."

Time. The father imagines a wedding in the future. His daughter's wedding. What will that be like? How strong will the guy have to be who marries Kenisha? The guy will look at the bride's side of the aisle and see a former heavyweight champion of the world staring at him. Then he will see an All-Pro linebacker staring. KeneJon will be fully grown by then, the largest of the lot, and who knows what he will be? Brandon, too, is a large guy. What will the poor groom think? How nervous will he be? Won't that be good for a laugh?

Time. Stubborn men just need time. ■

Inside the locker room the feeling among players is unanimous: the game has taken on a life of its own, transcending even the mythic standards established during the Era of Vince Lombardi.

No sooner has one season ended than the hype begins to build for the next. With the hype comes discontent even in the hallowed grounds of the two-time Super Bowl champs, and so we are left to ponder the follies of Jimmy and Jerry and anticipate the outcome of the '94 season.

Only one standard remains unchanged from Green Bay's glorious record during the sixties. No sooner has one season ended than the hype begins to build for the next. With the hype comes discontent even in the hallowed grounds of the two-time Super Bowl champs, and so we are left to ponder the follies of Jimmy and Jerry and anticipate the outcome of the '94 season.

If nothing else, every team is geared up to go for broke. Free agent signings are at an all-time high, rookies now command hefty bonuses more than double the salaries of half-a-dozen veterans, and the pressure to win makes a number of early coaching sacks a certainty. But in the face of escalating internal problems and growing fan unrest, the financial health of football - like death and taxes - remains the biggest uncertainty of all. Only one standard remains unchanged from Green Bay's glorious record during the sixties. No sooner has one season ended than the hype begins to build for the next.

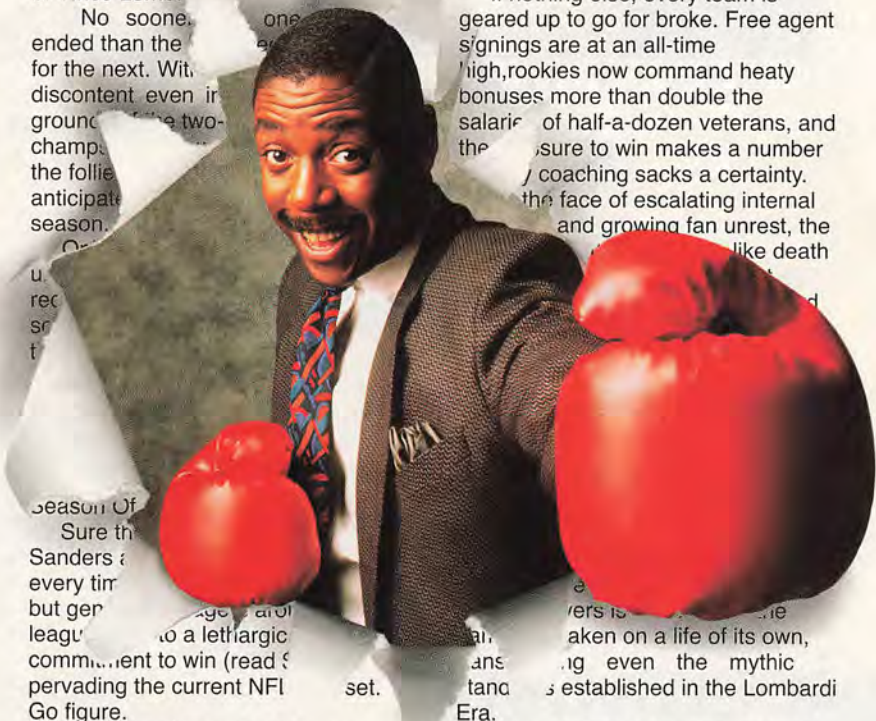
With the hype comes discontent even in the hallowed grounds of the two-time Super Bowl champs, and so we are left to ponder the follies of Jimmy and Jerry and anticipate the Season Of The Switz.

General managers around the league point to a lethargic commitment to win (read \$\$\$) pervading the current NFL mindset. Figure that one out!

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# INSIDE The NBA

by TIM KURKJIAN

## A New Ball Game?

AT THE beginning of this season the NBA implemented four major new rules in hopes of reducing excessively physical play and producing more points. Each rule has already had an impact, for better or worse. Here's how they stack up.

• **The hands-off policy.** Better. This rule against hand checking—which prohibits a defender from placing his hands on the man he's guarding whenever the offensive

player is above the foul line extended across the width of the court—is accomplishing its aims. It has curtailed some of the rougher play, it has stopped defenders from steering offensive players with their hands, and it has required that players play defense by moving their feet, which is how it's *supposed* to be played. As hoped, the hand-check rule has helped reverse a trend toward less scoring in recent years (through Dec. 30, team scoring average was 101.8 points per game, compared with 100.4 at the same point in 1993–94).

As predicted, it has also led to more fouls, an average of almost four more per game than last season. And despite preseason fears that an increase in fouls would make games significantly longer, the average time of a regulation game so far is 2:11, a mere two minutes longer than the average last season.

Players are growing more comfortable with the rule, and the referees aren't calling it as strictly as they did in the preseason. "It does a great justice to the league," says Houston Rocket Scott Brooks, the type of speedy guard who has benefited. "If you let hand checking go, you have rugby, not basketball."

But some still feel that the rule and its enforcement are too stringent. Among the detractors is Denver Nugget forward Brian Williams. "If you're a motorist traveling down the freeway and you're going 56 miles an hour, and a cop pulls you over and gives you a speeding ticket, would you like that?" he says. "No, of course not. Well, that's exactly what it's like now. You would want to smack the — out of the officer, out of the legislator, the police chief, and you'd want a refund for your tickets to the policemen's ball."

• **The shorter trey.** Worse. These are the world's best shooters. For them the for-



This season even tenacious Knick Derek Harper (above, in last season's Finals) is hands-off.



MANNY MILLAN (LEFT): JOHN IACONO

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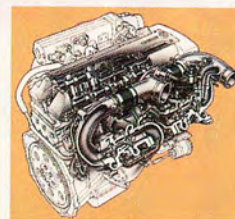
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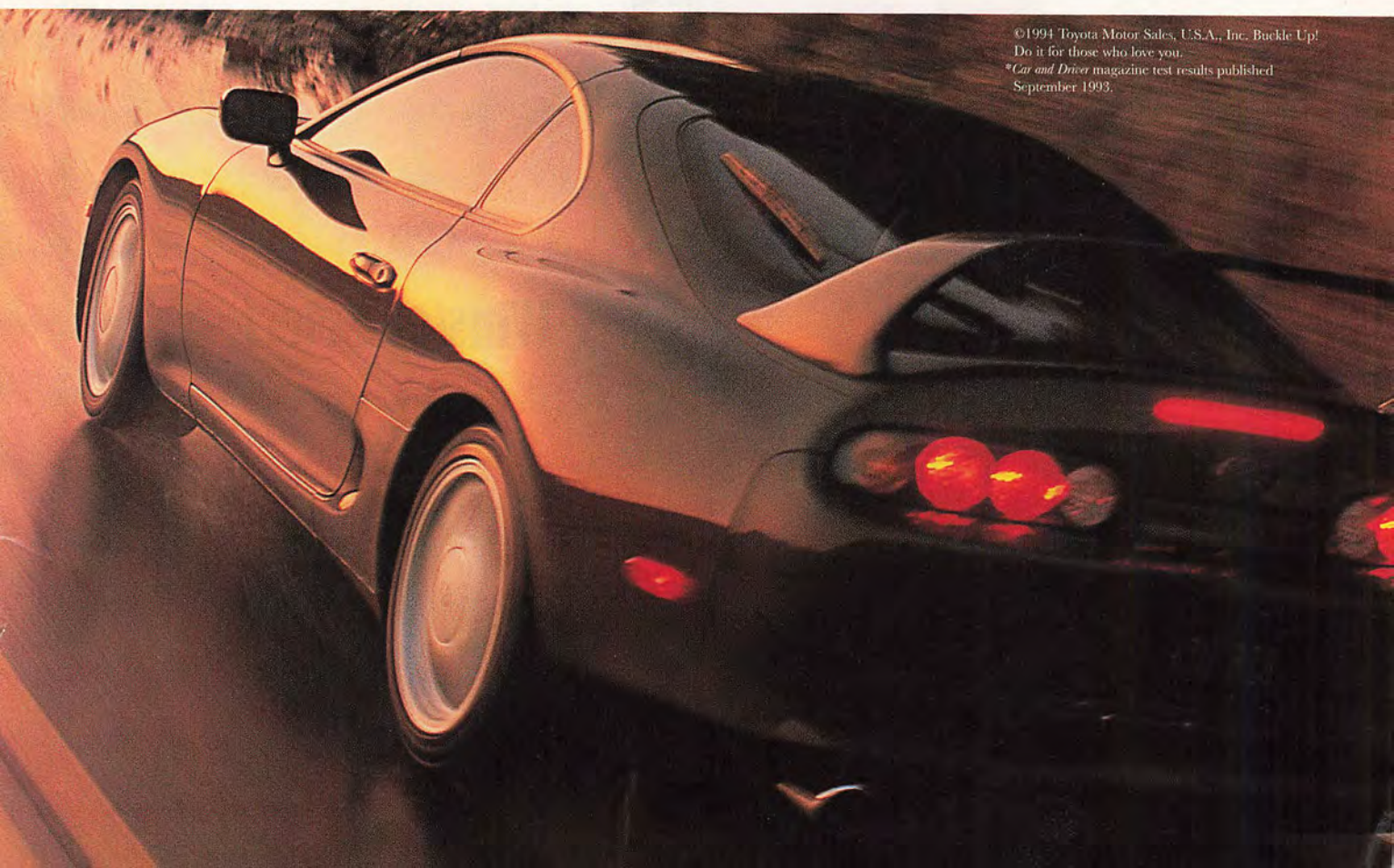
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## Inside the NBA

mer three-point distance (23' 9" at its longest) was a test. But the new distance, a uniform 22 feet, is "too close, I don't like it," says Hornet guard Dell Curry, whose shooting range is topped perhaps only by that of the Pacers' Reggie Miller. "Too many guys who aren't three-point shooters are making them. I take regular jump shots, look down and realize that I'm behind the line."

More shooters, bad and good, are hoisting the trey. Through Dec. 30, 3,923 more three-pointers had been attempted and 1,555 more had been made than at virtually the same point last season. Among the league's worst three-point shooters last year were the Suns' Cedric Ceballos (0 for 9) and the Bullets' Calbert Cheaney (1 for 23). Already this season Ceballos, now a Laker, is 19 for 51 and Cheaney is 21 for 76.

The record for three-point shots made in a season is 192, set last season by Phoenix's Dan Majerle. Through Dec. 30, six players were on a pace to top 200: Majerle, Miller, Orlando's Nick Anderson, Houston's Vernon Maxwell, San Antonio's Chuck Person and Miami's Glen Rice.

● **No more 2.9.** Worse. This rule has eliminated the 2.9 seconds of decision making formerly allotted to a defender before he had to either follow his assigned man above the free throw line or help double-team another offensive player. Now a defensive player must *immediately* decide whom to guard, and once he decides, he can't change his mind. This has drawn shot blockers such as Denver's Dikembe Mutombo away from the basket, led to more one-on-one play and made it harder to help out on defense. It has also led to more than twice as many illegal-defense calls as last season. "I don't like it, and I think it has had the biggest impact of all the rule changes," says Spur guard Doc Rivers. "I think it's boring for the fans. It's become an isolation game, four guys standing around watching someone go one-on-one."

Chicago Bull coach Phil Jackson

agrees. After his team was called for five illegal defenses against the Cleveland Cavaliers on Dec. 19, Jackson said, "People who saw this saw the wave of the NBA's future. Walk it up, smack the defense in, draw illegal defenses. It's hurting the rhythm of the game."

● **No taunt.** Much better. "The taunting thing is the change I like the most," says

club have begun to chant, "Rodman for President." They even liked his Christmas hair color: bright green, with a red male symbol (his hair is now orange).

"I'm a rebel, the black sheep of the NBA, but I do my thing, it works, and it doesn't hurt anyone," he says. "People pay \$200 a seat to watch us, I want to give them a show." Adds Rodman, "I'm not just an athlete, I'm an entertainer. I bring laughter."

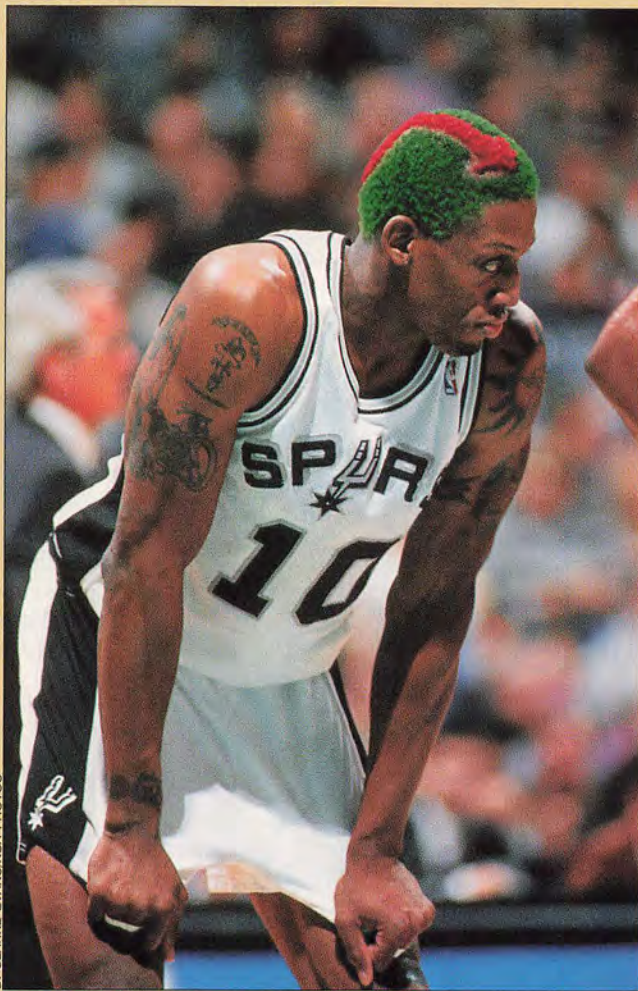
True, he had the crowd howling on Dec. 27 when he clanged in his first free throw of the season in his 165th minute of action, then implored the crowd to cheer louder. But the same people had not been laughing when Rodman missed the first 17 games this season (during which the Spurs went 8-9) after his refusal to adhere to team rules.

If he doesn't do anything dumb the rest of the year—no guarantees there—Rodman has a chance to join Moses Malone and Wilt Chamberlain as the only players to lead the league in rebounding four years in a row. He also has a chance to repeat as the league leader in technical fouls, ejections, three-second violations and delay-of-game penalties. "When I do something stupid, I only hurt myself," he says. But when he doesn't play, he hurts the Spurs.

## Line of the Week

This one's the line of the season so far, actually, and it comes out of Sixer forward Tim Perry's performance on Nov. 18 against the Clippers: 11 minutes, 0-0 FG, 0-0 FT, 0-0 Reb, 0 A, 0 PF, 0 TP.

That's nine zeros, and such a string is called a "trillion," a term invented by now retired journeyman center Scott Hastings. "I was the king of the two and three trillion," says Hastings (meaning a two- or three-minute stint that produced a string of box-score zeros). Hastings says Magic center Tree Rollins had a 14 trillion while playing in a game for Atlanta many years ago. "It got so bad for me I'd foul, just go to hacking, to avoid [the trillion]," says Hastings. "But an 11 trillion, that's hard. You figure you've got to get one rebound or you'd only have as many as Elvis or any other dead guy."



D. CLARKE EVANS/NBA PHOTOS

**Rebounding from a suspension, Rodman is as colorful as ever.**

Detroit Piston guard Joe Dumars. "The finger-shaking and yelling had no place in the NBA. All it was doing was leading to the next step, which was violence. Now we're just playing basketball."

## Good Hair Days

The Spurs are 7-1 since forward Dennis Rodman's return from the suspended list and are looking like a team capable of making some noise come playoff time. Rodman is rebounding ferociously (an average of 11.5 per game and 20.4 per 48 minutes) and playing monster defense. Giddy members of his Alamodome fan

**INSIDE**

# College Basketball

**by JACK McCALLUM**

## A No-Win Situation

THE MAJESTIC Ben Franklin Bridge, which spans the Delaware River between Philadelphia and southern New Jersey, is clearly visible from Rutgers University's branch campus in Camden, N.J. And to his everlasting credit, Rutgers-Camden basketball coach Greg Ackles says he never thinks about leaping from it. By day Ackles supervises the counselors at the Juvenile Medium Security Facility in Bordentown, N.J., and by night he checks himself into a kind of self-imposed prison—coaching a team with the longest losing streak in NCAA men's basketball history. If you've got a New Year's wish left over, you could do worse than to ask for just one win for Greg Ackles and the Rutgers-Camden Pioneers.

"If we can get that one," says Ackles, "we can get that monkey off our back." Just one. But it didn't come on Dec. 7, when Richard Stockton beat Rutgers-Camden 74-60. Nor did it come three days later, when the Pioneers were routed 95-69 by Trenton State. It sure didn't come last Thursday, when the Division III Pioneers were trounced 79-42 on the road at Virginia State for their 69th straight defeat. That's 22 more losses—practically a whole season's worth—than the previous NCAA record held by sister school Rutgers-Newark, which lost 47 straight



from November 1983 to November '85.

Just one. But when? The possibility exists that it will not happen this season. Ackles is a mechanically oriented fellow who says he has always been able "to take things apart and put them back together," but the skills required for this remodeling job may be beyond him. In truth the Pioneers have played worse than expected this season—and not much was expected. Last season against Ramapo they dropped a heartbreaking 77-75 overtime game that would have stopped the streak at 57.

And it was against Ramapo that Rutgers-Camden last won a game, by a 74-73 score on Jan. 18, 1992, a date of incalculable sweetness in Ackles's life. But Ramapo has already blown out the Pioneers 85-59 this season. Rutgers-Newark took their measure 87-53 on Nov. 30. If the season ends in a 0-24 disaster, as it conceivably could, the streak would stand at 84 games, just two shy of the alltime collegiate streak endured by the University of Dallas, an NAIA school, from November 1985 to January '88.



**Ackles (above) remains unbowed even as Dreby (with ball, right) and his Rutgers-Camden teammates keep their accursed streak going.**

Still the Pioneers persevere. Ackles has thrown two players off the team this year for rules violations, but otherwise the roster is the same as the one that opened the season . . . with a 76-31 loss to Widener. Though a petition from the school's student governing association to fire Ackles was recently presented to university provost Walter Gordon, the team has not mutinied. The Pioneers show up each day, practice hard, take the floor committed to turn things around on game night and play with determination, though not always with good sense.

Part of the team's burden is that it plays in the tough New Jersey Athletic Conference, which has sent five different representatives (Jersey City State, Richard Stockton, Ramapo, Rowan and Trenton State) to the Division III Final Four in the last nine years. Rutgers-Camden has fallen far behind its nine conference rivals, and an 0-18 league record is nearly a fait accompli. The Pioneers play some tough nonconference schools, too.

"I won't schedule someone just so that we can beat them," says athletic director Wilbur (Pony) Wilson. "That's not how we want to win." On that score, per-

haps, Wilson should speak for himself.

There has been talk of scuttling the program, but the AD will not hear of it. "I'll resign before I let that happen," says Wilson, who was the coach when Rutgers-Camden last had a winning season—14-11 in '83-'84. "The students and alums would have my neck. Believe it or not, we do have a strong basketball tradition at this school."

Student body president Louis Rivera, who drew up the anti-Ackles petition, agrees. "There's enough blame to go around here, in terms of student apathy and administration apathy," he says. "But by and large the student body wants a basketball team and wants it to be successful. It's time to turn things around."

That will require quite a bit of turning, to be sure. The Pioneers lose for any number of reasons. As a commuter school, Rutgers-Camden tends to have high student turnover, and that is reflected in the

assistants. That means he does his recruiting after his eight-hour day job and his two-hour practice session—if he can keep his eyes open, that is.

But none of that fully explains the stark reality of 69 straight losses and counting. Though its location in the troubled city of Camden is hardly a recruiting plus, the campus is actually a pleasant, grassy oasis—"a city within a city," as Wilson proudly puts it. Rutgers-Newark has a similar image problem, and though it is no powerhouse, it has a far better record, 36-70, over the last five seasons.

Then, too, Rutgers-Camden has a fairly successful women's basketball program;

We get into tight situations and begin inventing ways to lose."

Then there is the matter of talent. The big players aren't strong enough, the small players aren't quick enough, and the in-between players are too in-between. Little wonder that transition defense is weak, ball handling errors abound (the Pioneers committed 33 turnovers against Virginia State), and offensive execution is shoddy. But somehow, somehow, the Pioneers stay together, and Ackles stays on top of them. Though he doesn't do much screaming during the game, the coach frequently reams out his team in no uncertain terms behind closed doors. His ha-



the only banner hanging in the home gym celebrates that team's ECAC Metro New York/New Jersey Division III championship in 1992. The teams travel together to most road games, and sometimes, after the women have won and the men have gone down yet again, the atmosphere on the team bus is a little tense. "We feel for them," says Karla Robinson, an assistant for the Pioneer women. "We always let them pick the videos to watch on the bus."

No, the biggest reason for the streak may well be the streak itself. It hurts morale, keeps some recruits away and, at some point during each game, lowers itself, like a giant, smirking bully, onto the collective psyche of Ackles and his players. "A lot of us came from successful high school programs, so we knew how to win once," says leading scorer Doug Dreby. "But winning is a habit, like anything in sports, and the knowledge of how to win has gotten away from us a little bit.

rangue after the Virginia State game lasted a full 15 minutes, yet the Pioneers emerged with their heads up.

"I love Coach Ackles," says Dreby. "This is not his fault." Others aren't as squarely behind the coach, but still there is something noble, even quixotic, in the way Ackles has held up during nearly three straight years of losses. "He comes to practice every day and does the same things the same way," says Flagg, shaking his head. "That's kind of amazing."

Ackles says he draws his strength from the players. "The only time I've ever gotten down during this whole thing is when people say bad things about them," he says. "I tell my team all the time that just because they lose basketball games doesn't mean they're losers."

Flagg agrees. "Nobody has a win, but everybody has a heart," he says. "It's bound to pay off for us one of these days."

Just one. That's all they want. ■

basketball team. Forward Ebon Flagg, who missed all of last season with a broken leg, is the only player who has been around for four seasons; that means he's also the only player to experience a win, having been a freshman on the '91-'92 team that went 3-22. "We have no chemistry at all because we haven't been together," says Flagg. Then, too, Ackles is only a part-time coach with two part-time

# Future Schlock

According to our seer the New Year promises more of the tawdriness that tainted sports in '94

by Gerry Callahan

IT WAS the year that sports forgot to take its medication and went completely nuts. We all know the rap sheet from 1994: Nancy was attacked, O.J. was apprehended, a fat 45-year-old preacher won a share of the heavyweight title, and the New York Rangers won the Stanley Cup.

Michael Jordan played baseball while baseball players played hooky. Jimmy Johnson, the coach who won two straight Super Bowls, got dumped. A judge lowered Barry Bonds's child-support payments and then asked for an autograph.

Say one thing for 1995 as we take a look ahead—it has a tough act to follow.

**January.** The Dallas Cowboys upset the San Francisco 49ers in the NFC title game and advance to their third straight Super Bowl. In an odd break from their routine, the Cowboys forsake practice before the big game and lounge on the beaches of South Florida. Many of Dallas's key players sit out the game rather than risk an injury that might force them to miss the upcoming Pro Bowl. As a result, the Cowboys lose 6-3 to the Pittsburgh Steelers. "The Steelers? What happened to the Bills?" says one Cowboy. "I thought we played Buffalo in this game every year."

Jerry Jones fires Barry Switzer and hires Jackie Sherrill.

**February.** As promised, the baseball owners bring in replacement players and open spring training on schedule. Funnyman Bill Murray calls a press conference to announce that he has signed a contract to play centerfield for the Chicago White Sox. The NBA sues, claiming baseball stole its idea.

**March.** An NCAA tournament basketball game between UMass and UCLA is interrupted when a crazed fan leaps out of the stands and clubs Minuteman coach John Calipari on the knee. The NCAA vows to increase security, but a spokesman for Temple University says that won't be necessary—next year Owl coach John Chaney will not attend the tournament.

**April.** On Opening Day in San Francisco, Barry Bonds of the Giants crosses the picket line and sets a record with five home runs in five at bats. Los Angeles Dodger pitcher Rosie O'Donnell wonders if Bonds was stealing signs.

On his federal income-tax form, Darryl Strawberry claims three lawyers, two shrinks and a rottweiler as dependents. He also says he is over 65, legally blind and earning \$12,000 a year. An IRS spokesman says additional charges may be filed against the embattled slugger.

**May.** Mike Tyson walks out of prison and insists he will never fight again. The former champ says he will backpack across Europe, learn Latin and take a pottery class. The next day Don King announces a five-bout, \$100 million deal that calls for Ty-



son to fight the Spinks brothers, Roberto Duran and two guys named Ned.

**June.** In Game 7 of the NBA Finals, the Orlando Magic beats the San Antonio Spurs at the buzzer to win the title. The Spurs squander a chance to win when Dennis Rodman takes nine steps without dribbling the ball on a last-second breakaway and is called for traveling. "Hey, no one can make me play by the rules, man," says Rodman. "I'm a rebel." For the finale Rodman wears his hair up in a French twist, with a lovely bordeaux tint.

**July.** Three-year-old Ashley Bratsworth defeats Steffi Graf in straight sets to become the youngest female to win Wim-

bledon. Ashley's dad insists he wanted his daughter to have a normal childhood, but the girl had her heart set on playing pro tennis. "What could I do?" says Dad. "It's her decision." He says Ashley should be even better next year, once she is potty trained.

**August.** In their search for a new commissioner, the baseball owners are turned down by George Mitchell, Mario Cuomo, Dan Rostenkowski, Oliver North and Joycelyn Elders. They finally turn to the only person who will accept the position, and in his first official act, commissioner Pete Rose reinstates himself.

Tyson runs his post-prison record to 12-0 with a third-round TKO of Calvert DeForest.

**September.** The NFL, in an agreement with Fox, postpones the start of the season for one week to focus more attention on commentator Jimmy Johnson, who says he will make a decision on his future very soon. "I won't coach again unless an owner agrees to give me his team," says Johnson. "He has to hand over 100 percent ownership, then go home and leave me alone. I won't take a penny less. I enjoy TV too much." In Phoenix, Cardinal owner Bill Bidwill is reportedly mulling over Johnson's demand.

**October.** On the last day of the baseball season, Bonds hits his 178th home run of the year, but Wade Boggs falls short in his bid to hit .300, finishing at .298. "If only the Woodman had picked up the slack behind me," says Boggs, referring to Yankee cleanup hitter Woody Allen, "things might have been different."

The Cleveland Indians win the World Series. Charlie Sheen saves all four games.

**November.** Tyson knocks out Danny Bonaduce and accepts an offer to fight George Foreman on Jan. 22, 1998, the champ's 50th birthday. Foreman says the layoff will give him time to not get in shape.

**December.** Cowboy coach Jackie Sherrill tries to castrate a lion to get his team motivated for a playoff game in Detroit. The lion eats him. Jones hires Johnson as his new coach. "To be honest," says Johnson, "Jerry and I never stopped loving each other." ■



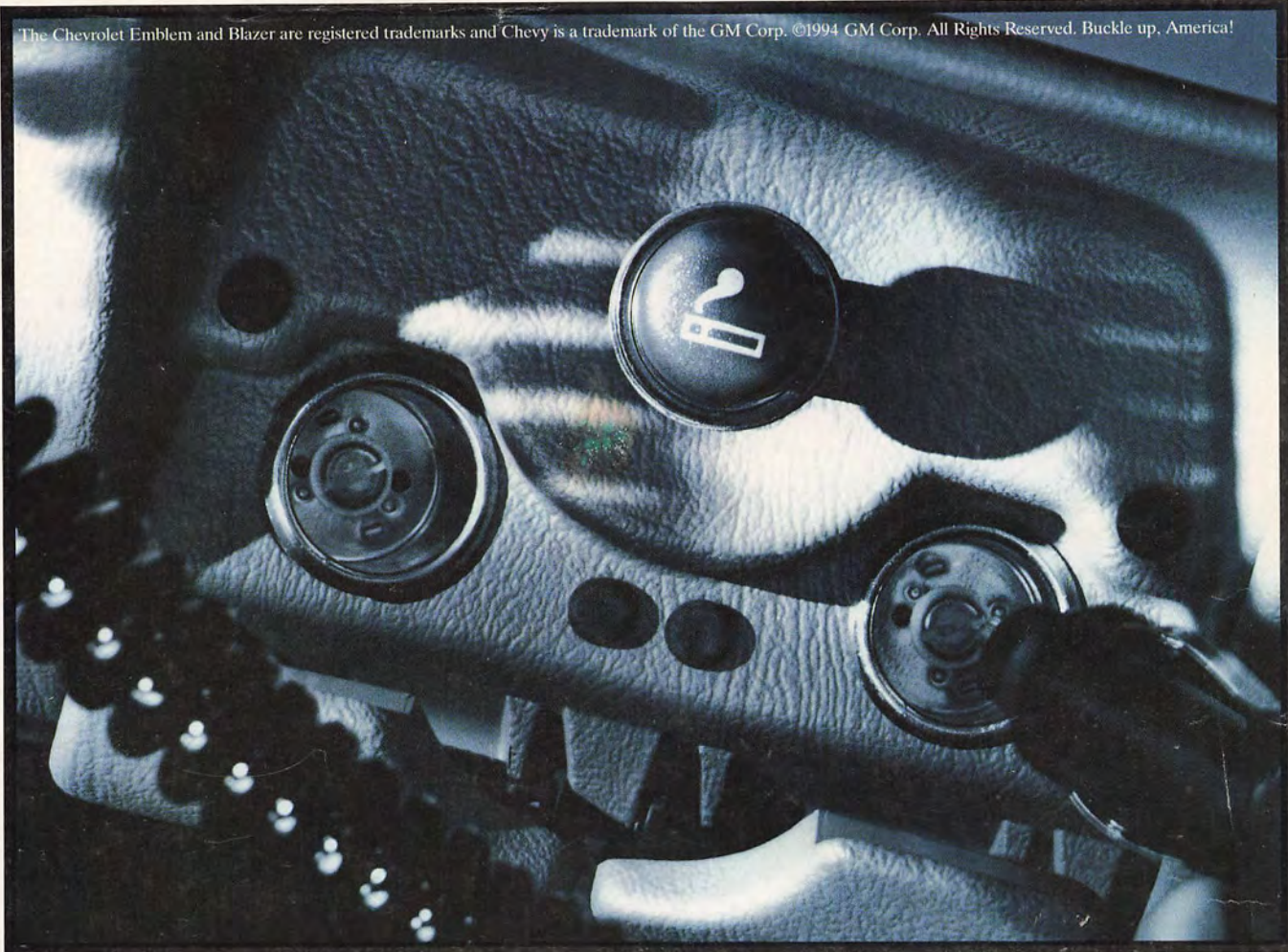
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